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MOTHER.

What untold wealth of hallowed ties, of pure,
Unselfish love, and holy sympathy,
Do cluster, in a bright immortal wreath,
Around the fondly cherished name of Mother.

The little child, whose tongue not yet hath learned
To lisp the name, will chirp in infant glee;
Gay, thoughtless youth puts by his boisterous mirth,
And lists with eager ear and anxious face;
And manhood, busy with the cares of life,
Turns him aside with reverential mien;
While tottering age looks up to heaven and smiles
At mention of that thrilling, tender name,
The ever sweet, melodious name of Mother.

But not until the unwelcome hand of Death
Hath snatched her living image from our sight,
And left us but her cherished name, alone
Fraught with ten thousand blissful memories,
Doth the full soul comprehend the depth
Of its firm hold upon the heart and life,
Or realize the fulness of its true
And perfect meaning. To me, the name
Hath grown, as 'twere, into a thing of life,
And ever hovering near me, hath become
The good angel and guardian of my life.

perfection admired always, and admired to love with fervor and purity.

There is an element of beauty, and an element of justice; a story is expected to conform to the requirements of the first, and measure out in exact proportions the latter with the nicety of the awarding angel. This may be well in romance; it is not true in real life. We wish we could truthfully record that the avenging furies overtook Colman, and meted out to him the unspeakable punishment he deserved, but they did not, and for aught the author has learned, he died in his bed, an unregenerated, unwhipped rascal. The Furies were, perhaps, too busy in tracking Orland. Him they pursued with unremitting zeal. His conscience smote him at every turn; he could not baffle his pursuers. They poured red-hot coals on his head, and filled his veins with fire. No relief by himself, he sought the consolation of the church.

The grand old church, which has been a haven of rest for suffering souls since the cross of Christ sanctified pain; the blessed church which has spread its shielding arms around rascality and crime with the same fondness it has shown to the most righteous. He servilely bowed in the dust and implored its aid. Like a school boy he attempted to cast his crimes on others and escape. There was no escape, for humanity is clear sighted and loves justice. The flimsy hypocrisy of the driving man was seen through, and he met with unexpected coldness. Playing prodigal with mother church was well as long as the prodigal was independent, but when he returned, to be rebuffed and turned out of doors, it was a different matter. It was not strange that his reason became unsettled; that he talked incoherently, and wrote the most self-contradictory and purposeless articles.

West of Deering was a deep ravine through which a brook sought an outlet; up and down its banks wandered Mrs. Orland in her unspeakable distress. On a cold winter's night Orland followed her footsteps; he carried his rifle, saying he might find game.

The icy air felt deliciously cool as it bathed his burning brow. He sat down on the steep hill-side leading into the ravine. There was silence, except the rush of the winds through the leafless branches. He soliloquized:

"What am I? Was I made to suffer? My life has been a failure. Everything I have ever done has been blasted. I need not hope a better future." As he talked to himself he became excited.

"My first, my only wife—my daughter, my own Mollie, where are you? I do but call to the cruel air! Oh, I am a villain—nay, a very demon. See, their blood is on me!"

The rising wind surged through the branches and roared in the gnarled hemlocks.

"What is that?" he cried, starting up, "Ghosts are abroad to-night; I hear their voices. It were better I were a ghost; then this brain would not burn, nor these thoughts sting. To be a ghost is death. What is death? Simply putting my rifle to my head and pulling this trigger! An easy operation. Then all is over. Blood is no longer on my soul! Who said that? Who said that my blood would wash from me the blood of my wife and daughter?"

He became intensely excited at the mention of blood by himself, and incoherently continued:

"Once esteemed and loved by a noble, patient wife, and caressed by a beautiful child! These have I dragged down to the depths of hell. They are gone; home, home with all its comforts and cheer, is gone. This villainous hand applied the torch which has plunged all in a blackened ruin! The promise of an opulent life was mine. I have wasted it. Worse, I have destroyed all I have touched. My wife and child deserted, Janette Steele betrayed, and others, so many I dare not count, corrupted by my influence, are suffering the pangs of hell with me. Life, once a garden of roses, my wretched hands have reduced to a desert. Its burning winds I will endure no longer. The next can be no worse, for hell itself would be paradise to my present misery."

He leaned his head against the muzzle of his rifle; he could just touch the trigger; a sharp report echoed through the forest, and with it went out the mortal life of Arthur Orland.

Of Sizer Cumin and Dear Heartie, it may be said that their aberrant "influences" and "elective magnetisms," after a fierce struggle, brought them to an equilibrium. They found in each other all in all, and congratulated themselves on two things; first, that none had more deeply tested the mysteries of "variety," to find it the vanities of vanity; and, second, that they were legally married in the start. The attack of the Amazons somewhat demented Sizer. He believed that profound doctrine of quacks, that man is like the food he eats; and having dieted on graham before that memorable battle, it was not to be expected he could or would defend himself: "Oh," he would exclaim to his friends, "Oh, had I only breakfasted on beefsteak, I should have been able to have defended myself." This, to him, was a lifelong regret.

The woman's rights movement being brought forward, Sizer mounted this hobby. He could not live without a hobby, and the last seen of him, he was corveting the prancing steed like a boy on a broomstick.

The "Great Movement," the "Society," the "nucleus," were blown to nothing. There were ruined homes and hearts—a great experiment in social science tested—nothing more.

Founded on intense selfishness and unbridled passion, what else could have been expected?

My story is drawing to a close. We have discussed a comedy which ever and anon turned to us an opposite side of darkest tragedy. It is constantly thus in life, and the philosopher knows that laughter is surely followed by weeping. Thus far the tale is a sad one, and I regret to throw one straw into the scale of a too sad earth. To redeem it from this charge, I have a brighter scene to present, and then the curtain falls; the curtain that has one dead color, and we part company, perhaps forever. This scene is a golden wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Leland had been married fifty years. Half a century is a long time; it embraces more than the ordinary term of human life, and when two individuals uniting in the spring-time of existence, journey together up the steep ascent, and in autumn time sit down on the slope leading imperceptibly downward to the banks of the Stygian river, while the low declining sun throws its mellow rays over the landscape, it is well, not only as a token of respect to them, but as an example worthy of all imitation, to honor them with commemorative celebrations.

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[Written for the American Spiritualist.]

DEERING HEIGHTS:

Free Love and Communism as there Practiced, and their Results.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

CHAPTER XV.

THE HARVEST—A WEDDING OF GOLD.

"By the waters of life we sat together,
Hand in hand, in the golden days
Of the beautiful golden autumn weather,
When the skies were purple and breath was praise."

The beautiful! What is it? Why is it? It is Nature. Grace and divine beauty are enshrined gladness in her temple. In her most desperate attempts at utility, she burns incense on no other.

The utilitarian, who is such by wholly disregarding the beautiful, is the coldest-hearted of men. To him, oceans are made to float ships and facilitate commerce; rivers to communicate with the interior, and water-falls to drive mills. Though Nature is sternly utilitarian herself, she lavishes the beautiful, and her generosity illy compares with niggard dispositions that grudge her wasteful extravagance which they cannot understand.

She says to the clouds, drink up whole oceans of water, and dash them at the continents, washing their dirty faces and nourishing their vegetation; dash it on without stint, for the waste will run from their backs in great rivers, adding incalculably to the beauty of their scenery, and their resources. It is a far seeing utilitarianism which defeats not its own plans by its providence.

Say as we will there is an element of beauty which, if overlooked or outraged, mars the pleasures of life—we err in our conceptions of it, as we are imperfect in our development, and we, from the same cause, cannot agree on a standard, still the conception of loveliness exists, superior to the conditions of those who view it through different glasses.

Man and woman, as the highest type of creative energy, embody the highest ideal of beauty. It is

The town's people, neighbors and friends of forty years determined on this golden day. Several relatives from their native town in the old New England States were present. Their residence was crowded with as happy a company as ever assembled.

Mr. and Mrs. Leland were seated in easy chairs, side by side. Both were past the number of years allotted for the term of life to man. Their hair was silvery; their faces wrinkled and pale, but their expression was almost youthful, so clear the light in their eyes, and kindly benevolent the smiles with which they received their guests, when presented by Dell, who acted as usher.

Some early arrived guests prepared a center table for the reception of gifts, and it was soon thickly strewn with glittering tokens; for although the family was small, their active benevolence had endeared them to the entire village, and they were regarded as personal friends and parents.

Among the assembled guests, we noticed our old friends, Judge Allclaim, Samuel Brass, and Mr. Palaver, who regarded themselves as among the oldest inhabitants, if not pioneers.

After congratulating Mr. and Mrs. Leland, Mr. Palaver said:

"It is usual on such occasions to have a ceremony. It renews olden memories and instructs the young people."

"I prefer not to have a ceremony," replied Mr. Leland. "My memory does not need refreshing; it is better for events fifty years ago than for things of yesterday. My young friends who have honored me with their presence I should be pleased to gratify, but I know they will not press an old couple like us; besides, if they are anxious, they can easily have the ceremony performed on themselves."

This speech amused the younger guests, with whom he was extremely popular, and they broke into a hearty laugh when grandma replied:

"Now, when we were married, fifty years ago, they married folks so tight they never wanted to be married again." Waiting for the merriment to subside, she continued:

"Quite different from now a-days, when marriage can be untied so easily the papers make a joke of it. Now I tell you girls, from my own experience, if you love and have love, the tighter you are married the better."

They were not pressed further. The guests partook of a collation, and after an exceedingly happy social time thereafter, bid their hosts adieu. In their easy chairs, long after all had gone, they sat deliciously happy, for the harvest sown by a lifetime of active piety and innate benevolence had been harvested, and its bread was to their taste as divine manna.

Turning to Victor and Mary, Mr. Leland said:

"I have one prayer, I know it will be answered. May you repeat this day in your lives."

And is this all. Have you no further mention of those who were your hero and heroine in the beginning?

"Were I a prophet I could tell you more, for then I would more minutely describe a second golden wedding. I am not, and future chroniclers must complete the story."

THE END.

In place of the reading of the bible, or any other disputed religious book in our public schools, we would substitute elemental lessons in physiology and hygiene—teaching the coming generation the nature and functions of the human body; the duty and art of good health; the physiological foundation of thought and feeling—in short, the divinely appointed correlation of the physical, the intellectual, and the spiritual nature of man. Thus the origin, nature, and effects of the common passions which lead to vice and crime—such as hate, avarice, selfishness, lying and desire—all these are lessons which should be taught to the young, not merely from a Sunday school point of view, but as part of a physiological and scientific system of secular education.—*Theo. Tilton.*

The Spiritualists Camp Meeting at Harwich, Mass.

REPORTED BY GEORGE A. BACON.

On arriving at this well-known camping ground, we found many changes and improvements over those of former years. A new and more commodious speaker's stand occupied the place of the old one; the culinary tent had been transferred to the brow of the hill, and nearer to the centre of business and attraction; a circle of substantial woven tents supplanted those of canvass, used last year. Care, too, had evidently been taken with the grove, for the shade of the trees bore evidence of natural growth and artificial culture.

An easterly rain storm prevailing, no organization was effected until Wednesday morning, though at the request of the Committee, in the evening Mr. George A. Bacon, of Boston, called to order those who had assembled within the largest tent. Mrs. Abbey N. Burnham offered an Invocation. After singing by Mr. C. W. Sullivan, the Chairman appropriately welcomed those present, and invited an expression of thought from each one, relative to the general subject of Spiritualism. Remarks of an earnest and practical character followed, from Bro. Moses Hull, Rev. Wm. Brunton, C. W. Sullivan, and Mrs. Burnham, when the meeting adjourned.

Wednesday, 10 a. m., beneath a smiling sky, the company assembled at the speakers's stand, and was called to order by one of the committee, when the following were chosen officers for the ensuing year; President, Geo. D. Smalley, of Harwich; vice-Presidents, Geo. A. Bacon, of Boston, and Capt. Heman Snow, of Dennisport; Secretary, Abby N. Burnham, of Boston; General Business Committee, W. B. Kelly, Dr. H. B. Storer and Theo. B. Baker.

On motion of Mr. Bacon, it was voted that the balance of the morning session be devoted to a conference. Remarks then followed from Capt. Small, Moses Hull, Mr. Brunton, Samuel Long, Mrs. Burnham, Mr. Howe, Mr. Shaw and Mrs. Dickinson.

Afternoon session opened by an Invocation through Mrs. Burnham, followed by an interesting and practical address of an hour's length from Mr. Wm. Brunton. The services concluded with a short conference.

The evening session was to consist of an address by Moses Hull, but owing to the inclemency of the weather, the meeting adjourned to the large tent, where interesting remarks followed from Dr. Storer, J. P. Greenleaf, Geo. A. Bacon, Moses Hull, Abby N. Burnham, Miss Helen Grover and S. N. Long.

Thursday morning, at the appointed hour, the Chairman announced the exercises to consist of a conference, which was participated in by Bros. Smalley, Storer, J. P. Greenleaf, Mrs. Briggs and Miss Grover, when on motion of Bro. Storer, it was voted that one hour each day be devoted to the relating of experiences.

The Chairman then introduced Bro. Moses Hull as the regular speaker of the forenoon, who announced as his subject, "The Mission of Spiritualism in the World," which he elaborated and enforced for upwards of an hour in a very effective manner.

The afternoon session was called to order at 2.15. After singing, Miss Helen Grover and Mr. Geo. A. Bacon were announced as the regular speakers, each of whom addressed the congregation for half an hour, when the meeting took the form of a conference, participated in by Mr. Briggs, Dr. Storer, Mr. Sidney Howe and A. E. Carpenter.

The evening session began at 7.30. Singing by the choir, followed by earnest and inspiring ten minute speeches from Moses Hull, Samuel Long, Wm. Brunton and Dr. Storer, when the Chairman introduced Mr. J. P. Greenleaf as the lecturer of the evening, who favored the audience with one of his characteristically instructive discourses.

Friday morning session was called to order at 9.30. After singing by the choir, the Chairman announced that an hour and a half be devoted to personal experi-

ences, the time being occupied by Mr. Williams, of Conn.; Seth Hale, of Worcester; Sidney Howe, of Boston; Moses Hull; Dr. Eaton, of Wareham; Seth Burgess, of Harwich, and Geo. A. Bacon. The Chairman then introduced as the selected speaker for the forenoon, Mrs. Abby N. Burnham, who delivered a highly inspirational address of unusually practical importance.

Afternoon session met at 2 o'clock. The choir sang with fine effect "Break the bread of consolation to the souls oppressed with care." Prof. Wm. Denton was then introduced, who emphatically demonstrated before a most attentive audience, his rights to the title of being a radical thinker, in the treatment of his subject, "Growth vs. Creation."

Friday evening was devoted to a conference for the relation of spiritual facts, the time being limited to fifteen minutes each. The participants were Moses Hull, Dean Clark, Geo. A. Bacon, Prof. Denton, Seth Burgess, A. E. Carpenter and A. A. Wheelock.

Saturday morning conference began at 9.30, by Dr. Storer relating his experience with Harry Bastian, the physical medium, who under test conditions proved his mediumship to be genuine, followed by Mr. Shaw, Mr. Howe and Mr. Grover, when Mr. A. A. Wheelock, of Cleveland, was introduced as the regularly appointed lecturer, who for nearly an hour held the undivided attention of the audience with the elaboration of his thought concerning the manifestations of spirit power.

The afternoon session began in a rain storm, but umbrellas being brought into requisition, the audience sat quietly and listened to a philosophical disquisition by Loring Moody, on the Nature of God, Spiritually considered. He was followed by Dean Clark in an able and eloquent address of an hour, emanating from the spirit of Father Pierpont, supplementing the position of the previous speaker. The meeting closed with a brief but earnest speech from Wm. Brunton.

Sunday morning exercises began about 9 o'clock by remarks from Sidney Howe and Dean Clark, when, after singing by the choir, the Chairman introduced J. P. Greenleaf as the first regular lecturer, who announced his text to be Cause and Effect. Another song by the choir to the tune of Lenox, and Dr. H. B. Storer, of Boston, was introduced as the next speaker, who, after a happy exordium, proceeded to eloquently unfold "The tendency of Spiritualism on the development of personal character."

Sunday afternoon session opened with a lecture from Wm. Brunton, who chose for his subject "The Work of Spiritualism." This proved one of the most effective addresses delivered on the camp-ground. After a song, "The Angels are coming," Moses Hull was introduced to the vast audience, now numbering over three thousand, who took his text from Thess. 2d chapter, 10th verse, involving the question of Unbelief. He spoke under great disadvantage, suffering from a bad cold and severe hoarseness, but gave outline to a grand and comprehensive discourse, which the failure of his voice alone prevented from his fully unfolding, to the universal regret of those present. A. A. Wheelock being invited to occupy the platform, stepped forward and delivered an earnest, practical and eloquent address, contrasting the teachings of Christianity with those of Humanity, holding the unflagging interest of the assembled thousands, even after they had been surfeited for several hours with good preaching.

At 7.30 p. m. the Chairman called the assembly to order for the purpose of indulging in a Spiritual Love Feast. He wanted to hear from as many as possible, so the time for each would be limited to five minutes. The time was occupied by Miss Grover and Mr. Howe, of Boston; Mr. Long and Mr. Hall, of Harwich; J. P. Greenleaf, Mr. Baker, M. V. Lincoln, A. C. Robinson, of Lynn; Henry C. Wright, (through Dean Clark), Dr. H. B. Storer, Capt. Gilbert Smith, Capt. Ephraim Doane, Mr. Lyon, of Fall River; A. E. Carpenter, Moses Hull, George A. Bacon, Seth Hale and A. A. Wheelock.

On motion of Dr. Storer, it was voted that the thanks of the meeting be extended to the Chairman, to the choir, to the committee of arrangements, to the friends who had kindly opened their houses, and to the several speakers who had so ably fed the listening thousands in attendance upon the various sessions of the Camp-Meeting. Adjourned.

Henry Bastian.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

In one of your late issues, you refer to an exposure of his spiritual manifestations. I think we owe it to the mediums not to accent sceptics' doubts and adverse reports—better twelve guilty ones escape than one innocent suffer. That you know is common law; it is common equity too. I do not believe in covering up fraud, but the poorest judges of fraud in these manifestations are those who are unfamiliar with spiritual laws, or matters that are to be spiritually discerned. I have met but few sceptics interested in exposures who, if they had had any affirmative experience or believed the one fact that a physical body had ever moved but by physical appliances, but what would qualify their adverse reports. How proper then—we who know the main fact possible—for us to wait for better light than sceptics are apt to give, before adverse expressions are put in print.

Now I am not a Spiritualist by virtue of physical manifestations, or any other solitary line of spiritual phenomena, but am so by the solid weight of their wholeness. I do not take a deep interest in dark manifestations; as a seeker after truth, I prove all things and hold fast to the good. I was invited to see the manifestations of Bastian. I went; the circle was a good one; the observers true, keen and spiritual. I came to the conclusion that they were the most satisfactory I had ever witnessed. I would have sworn by them, and will now, though from a second sitting and with different conditions the results made me somewhat inclined to reconsider my first satisfaction. This, my second experience was the exposure to which you refer. There was on that occasion a slowness or delay which was quite fatiguing, and when the manifestations began they were far less and far inferior to those of my first experience—there was evidently mental disturbances in the room, a latent inharmony. I felt it. During the manifestations a light was suddenly struck, and twice afterwards, and I think a sceptic justified in calling him a fraud. I do not think a Spiritualist would be; a fair minded one would wait for further and careful investigation. The lights every time showed him up and getting back to his seat, and every time found tied. No two seemed to report the same tableaux; but the satisfaction of seeing him, on the sudden advent of light, sitting quietly tied in his chair, as he appeared before darkness had mantled him, was not our privilege. If my experience had ended there, I should have said, I don't see how he could have done these things, or some of them, but I should not have felt safe in saying that his manifestations were to be recommended.

Mr. Davenport, who had the superintendence of Mr. B., said the medium was unmistakable; that he felt badly that things had appeared so, and wished for a number to meet him any where and try him again as they pleased. About a dozen of us met him afterwards at Elliot Hall. As it always bores me to read long details of items, I presume it does others; so in this communication I have spoken of them as "manifestations," presuming every one will understand I mean the usually described phenomena. In this last seance they were extraordinary, and to me and I believe to all, in the highest degree satisfactory. I will briefly describe them, or rather notice two kinds in detail.

Mr. E. S. Wheeler provided a frame six feet high

and three feet square, and covered the four upright sides tight with whole mosquito netting, and also the top. This was placed over the medium who was sitting in his chair, for there was no need of tying, the netting cutting off any connection between him and the provision on the table. To prevent his lifting the frame and coming out, a tape was secured on the top and held firm by the hand, by some one sitting on the front seat; two tapes were also fastened at the side of the frame nearest to the table, and crossing it, so that any pressure of the netting would be detected, however slight, by the two parties who held the ends; and those parties were sceptical or rather were not Spiritualists; and the manifestations were manifest. I did not expect they would be, and was both disappointed and pleased, and think this contrivance better than the usual rope tying, and I recommend it.

Mr. Storer proposed the plan also of tying with thread, and we did so, his fingers, hands and wrists together, and the medium proposed also the tying them to his lap and chair. The manifestations were performed at once, and the lights put on, and his hands unchanged; then more manifestations, after which he was found untied, the threads being whole and no knots, showing it was not scrambled off but untied, which, as any one will see is not a very easy job, however easy it may be to untie ropes. This kind of tying I have never seen tried before, but it was very satisfactory.

Perhaps I am writing too long a story, but I felt that having seen him in luck and out of luck, I thought I owed him this testimony, and to say that to me he fully sustained a claim for high mediumistic gifts, notwithstanding an apparent *faux pas* on the occasion referred to, which after all may be owing to our ignorance, but which I will not debate; but if what I saw on the latter and test trial was not satisfactory then the evidence of the senses and rational inferences from satisfactory bases may as well be counted out, as being of any testimony to a man's mind.

I unqualifiedly say that I believe the manifestations I then and there saw or knew were done, were done by some intelligent power or force physically disconnected from the medium; and I would be cavilling—with the experience I have had—not to say I think them done as the phenomena claim, viz:—by disembodied spirits.

Materialism.

BY PROF. HUXLEY.

When the Materialists stray beyond the borders of their path and begin to talk about there being nothing else in the universe but Matter and Force and Necessary Laws, and all the rest of their grenadiers, I decline to follow them. We have already seen clearly and distinctly, and in a manner which admits of no doubt, that all our knowledge is a knowledge of states of consciousness.

"Matter" and "Force" are, so far as we can know, mere names for certain forms of consciousness.

"Necessary" means that of which we cannot conceive the contrary.

"Law" means a rule which we have always found to hold good, and which we expect always will hold good. Thus it is an indisputable truth that what we call the material world is only known to us under the forms of the ideal world; and, as Descartes tells us, our knowledge of the soul is more intimate and certain than our knowledge of the body. * * * What I term legitimate Materialism—that is, the extension of the conceptions and of the methods of physical science to the highest as well as the lowest phenomena of vitality, is neither more nor less than a sort of short-hand Idealism.—[On Descartes' "Discourse,"

Fairness a Jewel.

We copy the following to show the marked contrast with which Spiritualists and their cause are treated by fair-minded men, in the editorial profession, and those small-minded scribblers, whose comprehension of Spiritualism is about equal to the goose quill with which they pen their silly slurs and slanders of a great truth and its advocates, neither of which have they brains to appreciate nor understand.

The editor of this Westerville paper is a stranger to us, and as we understand, not a believer in the views we advocate. With many others, we had the pleasure of an introduction—an earnest grasp of the hand—a few words with this truly manly man, who dares thus fearlessly to express his honest sentiments of an opponent, after candidly listening to the views and arguments advanced. All honor to such men for their fearless candor.

If there were more such, not only the editorial profession, but "the world would be the better for it."

A. A. W.

SPIRITUAL LECTURE.

"Having a desire to see and hear the celebrated Spiritualist lecturer and editor, A. A. Wheelock, we accepted a seat in a friend's carriage on the 23rd ult., and were driven across the country to the village of Gahanna.

On arriving at the grove, we received an introduction to Mr. Wheelock and wife, both of whom are suave in manner, and are evidently persons of culture and refinement.

Upon the subject of the forenoon lecture, the speaker discoursed to several hundred intelligent auditors for nearly an hour and a half in strains of eloquence rarely met with.

The subject for the afternoon lecture was, "Here and hereafter." An audience considerably larger than that of the forenoon listened attentively to a lengthy expatiation upon the here and hereafter of man's spiritual existence, in which Mr. W. argued the eternity of soul life, first, upon the grounds of the impossibility to annihilate a particle of matter, and if true with material things how much more with spiritual; and second, that many persons yet in the body have an abundance of unmistakable evidence that the departed yet live.

We were favorably impressed with Mr. W. as a gentleman, and every one, whether he indorses the doctrine he teaches or not, must acknowledge his superior oratorical powers, his fine reasoning capabilities, and commend the candor and zeal with which he presents his views.

He is now Managing Editor of the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, published at Cleveland, a paper of acknowledged ability as an exponent of Spiritualism.—Westerville (O.) Banner.

It is rather idle to attempt to extemporize a religion. The Unitarians of Eastern New York have been debating the question whether they would not be better off if they were more like the Methodists. It was during this discussion that one Rev. gentleman said that he would have "a church that combined the fervor of the Methodist, the piety of the Catholic, the order and æsthetic worship of the Episcopal, with the intellectual breadth and freedom of the Unitarian"—as if a sect was like a plum pudding, into which the rule is for experienced cooks, to put all the good things they may happen to have on hand. It seems to us that sects exist by virtue of their dominant idea, and if each is to take the ideas of all, that there will be an end of sects altogether.

Among other excellent articles in this number, will be found "The Unseen," an essay read by Mrs. Orpha E. Hammond, at the graduating exercises of the Normal school in Fredonia, N. Y. Mrs. Hammond's name was formerly quite familiar to the readers of this paper, as she was a frequent contributor to its columns. During the past year she has been attending the State Normal school at Fredonia, and preparing herself more fully for her chosen profession, that of a teacher—one which she is in every way qualified to fill. We hope she will find time occasionally, among her many pressing duties, to favor us with something from her pen. She is most truly "one of nature's noble[wo]men," and we shall always gladly welcome her to our columns. We wish her abundant success which she has merited both in and out of the schoolroom.

Religious Intolerance.

BY PROF. CHANEY.

Notwithstanding I have found the mass of the people on the Pacific Coast in advance of the old States, regarding religious toleration, yet I find many who are in "the gall of bitterness and strong bonds of iniquity," such as characterized the dark ages, when priestly robes were dragged in the blood of their victims. Unbelief in the dogmas of the church has caused the slaughter of millions. And why did they *not* believe? Simply because the Supreme Intelligence which directs all things, and which Christians have blasphemously fashioned into a "being" and called it God, saw fit to constitute these unfortunate wretches so that they *could not* believe, and at the same time make them too honest to lie and say they believed when they did not. The God of the Christian, like the God of the Jew, delights in blood, and to gratify this propensity, He made these victims on purpose to be slaughtered, affording Him glorious pastime and amusement!

Now I happen to be one of those so constituted that I cannot believe all that I hear asserted. Indeed, I do not *believe* anything. If I *know* a fact, it is a matter of knowledge and not of belief; if I do not know it, then how can I believe? I do not *know* that I am immortal, but as a philosophical proposition, independent of the testimony of mediums and the bible, I hold that I am, and am ever ready to maintain it against all logical opposition. This is my nearest approach to belief, but I am unwilling to apply that term to my creed, for that would place it upon a level with the blind belief that an infinite God got mad at the works of his own hands, became father to himself, was born of a virgin, and submitted to an ignominious death, for the sole reason that his children were no better than he made them! There is logic for you, about as rational as the story that a man was hoeing corn, when a bear came into the field and began to eat the big ears; the man chased him; nearly caught him in a snow-drift; the bear swam the river; the man put on his skates; skated and overtook the bear; killed him and brought him back the same day in a boat. Any person is welcome to believe such impossibilities about either God or the bear, and therefore I will not apply the word "belief" to the sublime philosophy of immortality, which is a matter of knowledge to mediums, though not to me.

So I am an unbeliever in the broadest sense, an object of special wrath for the Christian's God, and since he is mad at me and intends to roast me eternally, Christians feel themselves in duty bound to do me all the harm possible. This does not square very well with the "Sermon on the Mount," nevertheless it is perfectly consistent with Christian belief. Christians are anxious to be on very good terms with their God, and how can they better please one of his blood-thirsty disposition than by causing suffering to one whom he intends torturing forever? To them it is religious integrity; to me it is religious intolerance.

During a period of five months, I taught school in Auburn, Baker county, Oregon, terminating with March, the current year. Eugene White, a zealous Methodist, was running a Sunday School in the place, and of course his pupils and mine were the same children. He wanted my situation, and felt infinitely disgusted that an "infidel Spiritualist" had been preferred to him. I taught morality, but not a syllable about religion or politics. My government was moral suasion and no whipping. My pupils loved me and learned rapidly. I lectured occasionally, of an evening, and in spite of Eugene the children *would* come to hear me, and worst of all, a large majority of parents as well as children became my disciples. Then the "circuit rider" preached a sermon for my especial benefit, prompted no doubt

by Eugene. Being present, I challenged the clergyman, "or any other man," to meet me in public debate. No response. I became personal, just as he had been, taunting him with cowardice, but he positively declined meeting me. I gave notice of a reply, had a larger audience than he had, and criticised him as he deserved. He came back no more to preach while I remained in Auburn.

But with Eugene, his cup of bitterness was full. Foiled at every point, he commenced a system of misrepresentations, accusing me of not commencing school until ten or eleven o'clock; of giving two or three hours at noon, etc., capping the climax with a threat that he would have me "rotten-egged out of town." I merely disproved his slanders in a quiet way, and remarked that he must have been very bad by nature, since under grace he so persistently practised back-biting, with great economy of truth. This was duly reported to Eugene, and on the next morning about eight o'clock, as I was sitting alone in my pedagogue castle, Eugene strode in and closed the door after him. With Christian grace and dignity he advanced, and shaking his clenched fist, shouted:

"You've been talking about me, and if you do it any more I'll break your neck!"

Calmly, without rising from my seat, I reminded him of the teachings of Christ, his forbidding violence, turning the other cheek, etc.; but was interrupted and told that it was none of my business, repeating his former threat concerning my neck. In vain I tried to reason, and becoming impatient, requested him to leave. He refused, and seizing a long handled shovel, attacked me. I succeeded in evading the blow, and in ridding the house of his presence. He left in a very undignified manner.

A rod away from the door, I proposed releasing him, on condition that hereafter he should not abuse and slander either myself or school. He gave the promise within hearing of several witnesses who had been attracted by the gentlemanly misunderstanding, and I allowed him to go in peace.

My natural disposition prompts me to violence. In early life I was for some years a sailor, learned to like danger, learned to fight, and with regret confess that it pleased me. Fourteen years ago I became a convert to Spiritualism, and since then, actuated by principle more than inclination, I have tried to avoid violence; but the old nature still survives, smother it as I may, and although fifty-six years old, the avowed opposer of capital punishment, war and violence of every kind, still I cannot control myself beyond a certain point, and then I am just as great a fool as I was at twenty. I am very sorry that I struck Eugene White. I had no intention of doing so, and was surprised on finding myself beating him. He was, no doubt, surprised also, for judging by my profession, he expected no resistance.

Perhaps it was cowardly in him, at twenty-one, to attack an old man whom he thought would not fight, but that is no justification for my conduct. My principles in no way depended upon those of another. I profess to live on a higher plane, yet in that instance my professions were but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal; therefore I make this public confession of weakness, trusting that the mortifying recollection will make me more guarded in future.

The parents of Eugene, devout Methodists, were both living in Auburn. His father owes me about eight dollars, and refuses to pay without a lawsuit. One of his brothers, a school director, owes me about eighteen dollars, and he, too, refuses to pay. I earned the money teaching their children. Others, learning that they refuse to pay, also refuse. Thus I must lose a large amount, or go to law. This I might do very handily, having been many years a

practicing lawyer, but I am opposed to law, on principle, and sooner than be guilty of a second breach of principle, and by way of penance for the first, will submit to the loss, although it is rather grievous to be borne at a time when I am trying very hard to make up a sum for republishing a most valuable work on judicial astronomy, now out of print.

Religious intolerance is the bane of my life. Go where I may, I seem to sow dragon's teeth, which spring up armed warriors to put me to death. Yet I will not murmur at my mission. It is a rugged thankless one, yet it is consoling to reflect that no "vain carpet knight" could perform the task constantly imposed upon me. Or, had I been a peace man, purely from inclination, I should have long since fainted by the way. The very nature which I am trying to subdue is my chief support. How strange, how seemingly inconsistent, and yet how beautifully true, if rightly understood. But people will not understand me, and often those who should be my friends, place me in the front of battle to gather a harvest of wounds while they reap the fruits of victory.

Let no disciple of freedom of thought lay the flattering unction to his soul that religious intolerance is dying out. The great battle is still to be fought. Craftily and secretly, the enemy is marshalling his hosts. He meets you with a smile and hypocritically calls you "brother," even while he is plotting your destruction. Will you allow yourselves to be betrayed by a kiss? Can you not see the gathering storm, and read in the signs of the times that this will prove a war, not of mere words, but of violence?

Vain hope to imagine that a religion which has flourished two thousand years, fattening on blood, will go down without one last, desperate struggle. Such an instance is without parallel in history. Already their scouts are at work. The clergy are denouncing Free Masonry as pagan idolatry; trying to crush all the liberal minded in their own ranks, and joining hands with their ancient foes, the papists, to get possession of our government. Their movements are peculiarly Jesuitical. They simply ask that the Christian God shall be recognized in the Constitution. This seems but a trifle, yet it is the opening wedge which they mean to drive home to riving of our government and the establishment of priestly rule. Peaceably if they can; forcibly if they must.

I am no alarmist, but prudence suggests forewarning and forearming. The friends of free thought must cease their bickerings and schisms. Infidels of the Boston *Investigator* school, and free religionists, have a common interest at stake with the the Spiritualists, who are by far the most numerous. Let them cease for a time to dispute about immortality, and attend to mortal affairs of vital importance. I know Horace Seaver well—know him as a noble soul, although he doubts the possession of that article. He has grown gray fighting for free thought. His mission has been a grand one, and many a rugged path has he made smooth for the tender feet of Spiritualists. Come, Brother Horace, let us be friends till this war cloud passes, and when we have won the last victory, I will travel all the way to Boston to dispute with you about the immortality of the soul. Until then let our lips be sealed.

Baker City, Oregon, July, 1871.

The very finger of the Almighty has written on history that science must be studied by means proper to itself, and in no other way. That history is before us all; no one can gainsay it. There has never been a scientific theory framed from the use of scriptural texts that has been made to stand. This fact alone shows that our wonderful volume of sacred literature was not given for any such purpose as that to which so many earnest men have endeavored to turn it.

The Unseen.

Read at the Normal Exercises at Fredonia, N. Y.
June 30, 1871, by Mrs. Orpha E. Hammond,
of Fredonia.

Great as are the achievements of art, science and discovery toward the elevation of man, precious as are the pearls of wisdom gathered from past and present research, still how little they reveal to us of the unseen laws which are from "everlasting to everlasting." Science reaches up to the heavens with one hand, touching the stars and measuring their magnitude; with the other she reaches down through the depths of the earth, lays bare its strata and examines the inhabitants of mari and alluvium. Art carves the marble with such skill that it looks like a thing of life. She touches the canvass with a tenderness which makes us forget for a moment that her mountains, her hills clothed in tender green, her shady nooks, lakes and rivulets, are not realities. Discovery brings forth from their hiding places Nature's profoundest secrets. History goes back through the dark vistas of centuries untold; occasionally her pathway is obliterated by bloodshed and tears, but from each scene she gathers a garland of facts, and with reverential mien lays them upon the altar of the present.

But the power which upholds the heavenly bodies as they speed through space, is hidden from the reach of telescope and astronomical investigation. The ideal which stood before the artist's vision, inspiring him to unceasing labor, lives not in the marble statue, but in the unseen life, which none but the true artist knows. The historian cannot gather from the annals of the past the hidden impulses which dwelt in the hearts of men, or the result to which all their acts have tended. "Books approach very slowly the things we most wish to know."

The botanist, with his close analysis of flowers and plants, and interminable lists of names and terms, can only reach the surface. The leaf wilts and the flower fades under his touch, and with all his skill he cannot supply the elements which give it life, nor can he imitate nature's poorest production. The umpire would wrest the crown from the head of Angelo or Raphael and cast it at the feet of the modest lily or buttercup. The fairest triumph of art must be thrown aside as worthless beside the more than regal apparel of the wild flowers of the field. The ornithologist may acquaint himself with every kind of bird which inhabits the air, but he cannot learn whether or no they are conscious of the melody they make, or by what secret impulse they sit and talk together in the trees.

The tiny seed is hidden in the dark bosom of the earth; silently it germinates, sends up the tender stalk; by and by the green leaf appears and the sweet unseen perfume of its flowers is wafted upon the summer breeze. The flower fades and drops to earth, the fruit takes its place, man partakes with sweet satisfaction, but sees not the aggregation of elements which worked this wonder. Our world, from the time it was a molten ball to its present matured existence, has been shaped and sustained by the workings of unseen elements. And now the grandest and seemingly most permanent objects which meet our eye are being constantly wrought upon by unseen powers.

Behold the granite mountain, whose sky-kissing top is crowned with perpetual snows, the very type of endurance, sensuously estimated, and yet this King of the Physical Creation is being silently disintegrated by the invisible gases which surround it, until its stubborn sides furnish sustenance to the lowliest violet that opens its petals to the day. Look again to the achievements of the electric and magnetic fluids; to the marvelous power of the invisible air we breathe; to the improvements of modern times accomplished by the agency of steam (invisible until condensed), and we are almost forced to accept the truism that "the invisible is the only real."

No scissors are seen scolloping the leaves of the

flowers. No fingers twining the tendrils of the vine. There is no appearance of pulleys or ropes keeping the planets in their orbits, or directing their revolutions. No windlass or pump is seen raising the watery vapor, condensing it into the beautiful cloud, or distilling it upon the earth.

All the blue arch of heaven into which we gaze so reverently and wonderingly, is but a combination of invisible gases. The zephyr which whispers in the trees; the tornado which overturns edifices and lays waste forest, field and city; the simoon which sweeps across the desert, carrying devastation and death in its arid breath; the human voice in all its eloquence and music of speech and song, are all produced by conditions and vibrations of the unseen air. The sun-light which kisses away the dew-drop from the flower, and, like a loving mother, wraps the earth in her warm embrace, giving it life and vitality, and through whose agency we are enabled to behold so much of the beauty and grandeur of creation, is an element of extreme subtlety, and entirely invisible as a material substance. All the powers of the mind which testify of man's relationship with God, and suggest the truth of his immortality; the love which pulsates in the heart and gives to life its charm, are all unseen by the outward eye.

Death, the most dreaded event in existence, is but the throwing off of the gross, material garment, freeing the immortal spirit to roam more widely in the depths of eternal, invisible, substantial truth. The mortal eye cannot see its departure, or its joyful entrance into home of the blessed. Hence we sorrow as though death extinguished all of life, of hope and of love.

The infinite Father we cannot see with our mortal eyes, yet how surely and safely His omnipotent hand guides the willing heart, and how precious are the lessons of wisdom given us through inspiration, and through the unseen voice of Nature.

"All Nature is God's tongue,

Out from its motion, God's thoughts are sung,

And the realms of space are the octave bars,

And the music notes are the sun and stars."

A Chip.

BY J. WETHERBEE.

Sometimes I pick up chips for amusement. I might do worse. It is better, however, to command the material that chips come from, but a mental *cheffonier* is not without his use, and now and then he is rewarded with one worth saving. Here is one that I have picked up three times among short items in different papers:

Birth into this life was the death of the embryo life that preceded, and the death of this will be the birth into some new mode of being—Hedge.

I noticed it for two things—its physical beauty and its paternity. The first, its structure, it would pass any where as a sweet sounding sentence; then secondly the Rev. Mr. Hedge is its author. How natural to have said as I did, "beautiful and true;" but meeting it a third time I found it as faulty as some of the revelations in which this good man finds his hope.

The space around us is full of voices that speak to the intelligent—something says to me now analyze this chip. If I had been busy I would not have hearkened to the voice, if it was one, more than my own wishes; but for the lack of something better to do I will see how this pretty chip, this well endorsed chip, will look under a microscope.

Casually read it ought to be considered one of the pointers to the life to come; that was its object undoubtedly; that was why it found a niche in three papers, and I know not how many more; and yet, read critically, it tells wholly on the side of disbelief.

"Birth into this life was the death of the embryo

life." Ah! there is the rub. A materialist will say, yes; if the death of the embryo life preceded this, there would be, indeed a known quantity in the problem of life that would lead to a solution. The embryo life dead and birth a resurrection, the inference is reasonable for a future and a more important one. But the embryo does not die; there would be no resurrection if it died. In every case that the embryo does die, the population of the world fails of the expected increase—no birth into this life. I am logical when I say if a man die, there is no resurrection hereafter. Our hope is in the fact that a man does not die; if he dies there is an end of him. The question of Job is very easily answered to my satisfaction. "If a man die shall he live again?" No, verily! Our future life rests on there being no death, only change.

There is no analogy between the birth of the man into this life and the birth of the soul into the other. The materialist looks for it, but finds it not. He reads this chip of Hedge's and says, as he must, the reverse is true. The death of the embryo is the death of the man that was to be. When and how the immortal spirit, if there be one becomes a part of the process of human life, embryo and living man; and where it is when man sees his brother man at death's door; sees the speculation leave his eye; sees all that made him a thing of life and beauty gone; sees all that is visible of this human embryo pause this side of the light of day, to the relieved soul, and become "dust to dust,"—Mr. Hedge, nor no one else, knows, except those who have heard from the other side. But as Mr. Hedge is not a modern Spiritualist, and this article is the "Chip" under a magnifying glass, we must answer for Mr. H. and say to this question, it is but another *cul de sac* so frequently met with in the mind's wanderings, on which is written, "no passage through." The Spiritualist will add, of course, "outside of the evidence of the modern spiritual manifestations."

Our sympathies are stronger than science, that the latter through its exponents to day, seems to end with matter; but there comes a higher thought—its genesis is in the emotional or sympathetic of man's nature, it is an instinct,—that this life is not all of life, and everywhere the lesson comes to the thoughtful that there is too much to learn for this visible arc of a man's life; that it must be but a segment, of which the whole of life is the circle.

As the voice of Nature and the voice of God are identical, and apparent conflict is only our ignorance, it is very gratifying to a rational Spiritualist that the old analogies in nature, which have so long been associated with death and resurrection, change to meet the rising truth, so that a more correct knowledge of natural phenomena meets better our case as it conflicts with the old and dying ideas. For instance, the worm and the butterfly, worn out in theological illustrations—worm the man, the chrysalis the grave, the golden-winged butterfly the awakened angel. It is now known that the worm was always a butterfly fundamentally, as man is a spirit now here in the form. The worm crawling on the ground reveals, under a microscope, to the naturalist all the structure of the butterfly. By and by the higher nature of the worm shuffles off his earthly tabernacle, and the freed butterfly awakes into airy life; using the language of Spiritualism, the same spirit it always was while in the form, but then encumbered—now unfettered becomes an inhabitant of another sphere.

While the "Chip" that attracted me fails to do its duty; while the analogies in nature also fail to fit the strain orthodoxy puts upon the letter of its creed, they all come at our bidding, as if made to illustrate our light. So far so good; but what is our light? It is the evidence from those who have lived human lives whose bodies have died; are alive now, pursuing in another life, with higher powers of perception, the unfinished work which was begun in the world below, reconciling the world unto itself.

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A. A. WHEELLOCK, MANAGING EDITOR.

Spirit is causation.—"The spirit giveth life."—Paul.

"RESOLVED, That we are Spiritualists, * * * and that any other prefix or suffix is calculated only to retard and injure us."

Understand It.—All business transactions relating to THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, and all moneys for subscriptions, advertisements, etc., should be sent to A. A. Wheellock, the Managing Editor. J. M. P.

Letters from "Over the Waters."

NUMBER ONE.

In London again; city numbering three-and-a-half millions of swarming, surging specimens of a common humanity. Turning a leaf on memory's page, we find it Saturday in New York, and early in July. The sun scorches; business dull. The wealthy are off on excursions or away at watering-places. Servants and the city poor remain to do daily drudgery. Oh, the social inequalities of life!

The steamer "Atlantic" of the White Star Line leaves the dock at 3 o'clock. What confusion! An hour before sailing the vessel is crowded. The second bell rings; friends pour off the ship, filling the long wharf. Tears, smiles, kisses, tender embraces, silent prayers, separations, and the last alarm rings! Passing the forts and the pier light-houses, we part with our pilot and launch out upon the measureless deep. The isolation is grand—waters beneath, skies above. Passengers look each other over and talk little the first few days. How retired! No callers to entertain; no letters to answer; no newspapers to read; no push and dodge as in thronged streets, or eternal tramping and tumult as in crowded cities.

Little that is really profitable can be written upon a sail to England. One voyage is very much like all voyages. The sentence, "at sea," is quite enough for those who have several times crossed the ocean's blue depths. Hence detailed descriptions are tiresome.

Sunday comes. The steamer is English. The Episcopal service must be "performed" by clergyman or Captain; then public speakers present may apportion the time and method of worship among themselves. Seldom has there been such a variety of talent in a crew of cabin passengers: six clergymen; several physicians; Mrs. Stone, with a dozen or more of her pupils, on a tour to Palestine and Egypt; an ex-Congressman; two foreign consuls; several reporters; a General of the U. S. army; Elder F. W. Evans, and George Francis Train and family. But who—who is going to preach?—was the inquiry of the people. Catholic, Protestant, Spiritualist and Shaker were summoned to the purser's room for consultation.

Conclusion: The morning shall be given to the Episcopalians and Presbyterians, all soundly Orthodox; the evening to the Spiritualists and Shakers, Heretics. It was satisfactory. The saloon was filled. Several sectists occupied the morning; the Rev. Dr. Willetts, of Philadelphia, giving the principal sermon. The piece was well spoken. The Doctor, though a policy-man and fond of praise, is flippant and racy as a speaker.

Looking evening-ward, the pulse of the passengers

indicated excitement and expectation. The steamer's service bell tolled; reading, singing, and then we gave a straightforward lecture upon Spiritualism. This was followed by a discourse from Elder F. W. Evans, upon the principles and practices of the Shakers. Whew! what a storm of hail, thunder, lightning rolled in upon us. The Elder took the heaviest of it, however, for sparing neither church nor clergy. He went to the root of the social vices, termed by the apostle, "the world, the flesh and the devil."

Discussion was the order of the day on Monday. Elder Frederic, originally a Materialist of the Robert Owen school, then a Spiritualist converted to a knowledge of immortality and the ministry of spirits through his own mediumship nearly forty years since, and then because of "higher ministrations" from the Christ heavens, a Shaker,—was fully equipped and armed to the teeth with proof-passages from Menu, Moses and Malthus; from Bibles past, down to the Sacred Roll of the Shaker fraternities. The clergy could not stand before him a moment; he was too thoroughly read. We playfully named him the old "Shaker war-horse in Zion!" Spiritualism for once was quite popular and respectable—respectable as compared with Shakerism. In fact Spiritualism, so far as we are aware of, received neither a sneer nor fling during the passage. Several on board were firm believers, though generally attending the Unitarian Church, when at home.

WEDNESDAY EVENING,

the Rev. Mr. Willetts gave his favorite lecture on "Sunshine." It was truly a sunny and happy effort. How he could be so gay and "funny," while believing the creedal dogma of future endless hell torments, puzzled us. During his lecture he made several off-hand hits at those odd and "childless people," the Shakers. When through, Elder Frederic arose very deliberately and told the Rev. gentleman that he had "both misconceived and misstated the principles and practices of the people called Shakers; whether through ignorance or some mercenary motive, he was not prepared to say." Sensation! George Francis Train bounded to his feet and moved that the Elder have five minutes to reply. Seconded and put to vote, it was negatived with a vengeance! Train sprang upon his feet again, shouting, "you are cowards, miserable cowards and bigots every soul of you!" Heavens, what an excitement! Who but the eccentric and daring Train would have espoused the Shaker's cause, and hurled the scorching, steel-edged words into the face of the clergy—*cowards, miserable cowards and bigots!*

FRIDAY EVENING,

"What's that?" Passing from the saloon after dinner, few could fail of seeing a well gotten up poster announcing the following entertainment, commencing at 8 o'clock: Song, declamations, epigrams; speeches by Dr. Angell on the Turkish Bath, by Dr. Simms on American ambulances in Paris, by ourself on Spiritualism, and Elder Evans on Shakerism. Externally, all passed off quietly; within, were grumbling, groaning volcanoes. Half-past 10 o'clock; there was an hour yet to pace the deck, inhale the invigorating sea-breezes, and canvass the thoughts and positions of the speakers.

FOURTH OF JULY.

To our wave-borne family this was an interesting day. Captain Murray, a hearty, sound-headed Englishman, with an American wife, gave us full control of arrangements, he providing a special dinner. Committees were appointed and an "order of the day" agreed upon. Music, reading Declaration of Independence, singing, oration by Mr. Train, and a cannon explosion, tearing off a sailor's arms. This unfortunate occurrence so dampened the zeal of the passengers that they threw the whole stock of fireworks into the ocean. Elder Evans was appointed

to do the act, and ourself to make a short peace-speech upon the occasion. When will Americans show more common sense in the celebration of this national day? The passengers made up a most generous subscription for the poor armless sailor. The oration beggars description. It was original. No reporter could have done the speaker justice. Sentences flashed from his lips like chain lightning from surcharged clouds. As a whole, the speech—rich, racy and rare—was a grand mosaic of wit and wisdom. Lawyers, doctors, clergymen, for once got their full deserts. They fluttered fearfully. Dr. Willetts wriggled like an eel on coals. In an after speech he vented a common Christian spite.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

Oh, for a pen of fire to write up this genius, this wonderful man! Hated, feared, slandered, loved and admired by a host. Yes, admired, for down in the golden depths of the moral constitution the human soul is ever found loyal to truth and principle. On board our steamer, Train was the central figure of attraction. He feels himself a man of destiny. Sailing around the world twice, he has crossed the ocean thirty-eight times. Nothing throws him off his balance. He dares tell editors, priests, politicians, demagogues, *all* the plain unvarnished truth. It is not strange that monopolists, government officials and politicians wince and reel under his scathing revealings. "Crazy" is he? The man who says it insults what little good sense he may have inherited and intelligence he may be able to manifest. "He hath a devil and is mad," was the cry of these hypocritical old Pharisees, when told by Jesus they could not escape the damnation of Hell. He laughingly acknowledges that his facility for money-making saves him from the lunatic asylum. Has it come to this, Oh my countrymen! that wealth is the test of sanity! What gives much of pith and power to his telling words of rebuke, he neither smokes, chews, drinks, swears, gambles, cheats, nor steals by Government contracts. In the family relation all admit him perfectly charming. His children on their way to enter an educational institute in Germany, almost worship their father. Affectionate, inspirational, cosmopolitan in his instincts, a model in the line of morality; he is an American, a sterling man, a royal soul! At the conclusion of his inimitable oration on our vessel, he was enthusiastically and unanimously nominated for the Presidency in 1872. Making the tour of the continent, he returns to America to commence the autumn campaign.

GATHER AS YOU GO.

During the passage we were deeply interested in reading the "Colonization of America During the 17th Century," by the Hon. E. D. Neill, U. S. Consul at Dublin, Ireland. These Colonists from the mother country were excessively pious. Theological soundness was with them the shibboleth watchword to christian respectability. God—their biblical God was in their constitution. Consider the fruits:

"This early Virginia code," says Mr. Neill, "prescribed death for blasphemy of the Trinity or the king, and also upon being convicted for the third time of profane swearing. For want of proper respect to a clergyman, one was publicly whipped, and obliged to ask pardon in church for three successive Sundays. The penalty for not attending church and the Sunday catechetical lesson was, for the first offence, the loss of a week's provisions, for the second, whipping, and for the third, death. If a colonist upon arrival refused to go to the clergyman to give an account of his faith, he was to be daily whipped until he complied. If a washerwoman stole the linen of an employer, she was publicly whipped. A baker who sold loaves below the standard weight was liable to a loss of his ears. Although we may shudder at these enactments, they were in accordance with the spirit of the age, when it was believed to be doing God a service to coerce men into a certain form of doctrinal belief."

Church and state guarantees persecution. A national religion in America would be as ridiculous as a national arithmetic or national astronomical chart.

THE OCEAN HIGHWAY.

It is not a lonely, trackless sea, as poets sing, all vessels sailing nearly the same nautical route; we frequently meet other steamers, passing friendly salutations. These, attended with the firing of rockets, exciting deep interest if occurring in the night-time. As the years roll on, science advancing and commerce increasing, steamers will doubtless even be in sight of each other as are the street railway cars on Woodland avenue in Cleveland, O. Ere this shall fully transpire, however, "there will be light-ships moored by heavy counterpoises, one to each hundred miles, with telegraphic connection by the cable. Ships will dispense with sextants and chronometers, for the ocean will then be spotted from lamp to lamp; and if casualties should still occur they will be reported the next day, as railway accidents now are, as trains delayed four hours, because of a break down between Fog-bank Station and Wetland Light."

THE WHITE STAR LINE.

Competition is said to be the life of business. So far as this militates against monopoly it is well. This Star Line of steamers, magnificent in proportions, elegant in finish, and well officered, must take precedence over the Inman, Cunard, and other lines. The Atlantic, of this line, famous for speed, is over four hundred feet in length, the saloon forty feet in width, and the motion, though in disturbed waters, is hardly perceptible. With scarcely an exception, the passengers were delighted with the accommodations. Just before reaching Liverpool, the passengers in the exuberance of a genuine enthusiasm, called a meeting, made complimentary speeches, and arranged for the publication of the *Atlantic Journal*, made up of incidents occurring on the ship and of prose and poetic contributions, eulogising the line of steamers and officers.

LIVERPOOL TO LONDON.

It requires about ten hours, though the time is modified by the route taken. The country seemed a very garden. The women were at work with the men hay-making. The harvest time is not so early in England as in America. Believing before, I am certain now, that women work in greater numbers and at a greater variety of avocations here in England than in the United States. In the largest hotels the office work is promptly attended to by two or more lady-like clerks. They assign rooms, answer inquiries, order porters, ring call-bells, sell stamps and smile welcomes to new-comers far more accurately and acceptably than the tobacco scented masculine clerks in America. In telegraphic offices women send messages; in railway stations they deal out refreshments; in post offices they sell stamps; in churches they seat the people; in brokers' offices they attend to business matters in a business way; in harvest fields they help their husbands—in a word, they take their rights and use them.

James Burns, the enterprising publisher of Spiritualist literature, 15 Southampton Row, is doing a much more extensive business this year than last. He is in fine spirits. His establishment is the English head-center—a sort of *Banner of Light* Institution. Republishing the Spiritualist works of America, he sends quantities of them to Australia, India, etc. Emma Hardinge Brittan has done a great work in England. The Spiritualists give her a testimonial on this week Friday evening. Gerald Massey occupies the chair.

D. W. Hull made us a short visit on his way to attend a Grove meeting at Linesville Pa., Aug. 5th and 6th; the notice of which did not reach us in time for our last issue.

Spiritualism in Central Ohio.

We left our sanctum July 16 to speak at two Grove Meetings, which our friends had planned, in Mifflin township, Franklin county. Our journey to Columbus was via Akron and Seville. The trains not connecting at Akron, we were obliged to halt for six or seven hours, which we improved by calling on our old friends. A dinner with Bro. Hawkins and his pleasant family seemed really like old times, for there dear wife and ourself found a home, while we were engaged in active, arduous missionary labors in that part of the State.

We found three years had wrought many changes in Akron. Bros. Hawkins and McMasters have been tried by fire—burned out—but on the old site a splendid new brick block plainly evinces that *progress* is the watchword in Akron, in things temporal, if not in things spiritual. Our venerable friend, J. A. Sumner, Sen., greeted us cordially, showing us round the large brick block he has erected since we were there, in which he had constructed a theatre large enough to seat about 2000 persons. This splendid hall is at the service of Spiritualists for meetings, on the most reasonable terms. Akron is just the place for a Spiritualist Mass Meeting, or Grove Meeting, every summer. If the weather should prove unfavorable, here the friends could find abundant accommodations.

It saddened us for a moment to learn that the Lyceum had been adjourned indefinitely; but then, we thought, it is an experiment in part, and every experiment must have a day of rest, for recuperation and the gathering up of results of active exhaustive effort always necessary in establishing new forms and systems.

That the Lyceum in Akron has been productive of agitation, thought and good, none, we think, connected with it will question—especially its capable and earnest Conductor, J. A. Sumner, Jr., whom we found in the honeymoon of married life, having secured the grandest prize from the Akron Lyceum of any one interested in it—a sweet, lovely bride and a loving wife. We congratulate our friend on conducting the Lyceum to some profit to himself at least. Organize Lyceums, young men, and become Conductors thereof, and perhaps you too may be able to conduct some fair member of Liberty Group to join the lyceum of life with you.

Although at present there is a dormant condition of the spiritual element, as far as surface indications are concerned, in Akron, still there is more Spiritualism and a greater number of Spiritualists in the town than ever before, and when the harmonizing power comes that will unite those who should walk together in love, charity and truth, the Spiritualist congregation in Akron will be the largest there.

One night at Seville was all our limited time would permit. Here, too, the Lyceum was adjourned because of financial necessities. The friends are few and the burden was too great. When shall we learn the useful, needed lesson, that only in union and co-operation is there strength. The Lyceum, and an active, working Spiritualism will yet bless Seville. We enjoyed the hospitality of Bro. E. E. Andrews, formerly Conductor, who with his good wife is still faithful and earnest in the cause.

Reaching Columbus late Saturday evening, we were kindly provided for by Bro. Coit. His carriage was at our service Sunday morning, Bro. Tabor accompanying us to the grove, where meeting was to be held.

This rich farming section of country, about six miles from Columbus, known as the Parks and Patterson neighborhood, on Elm Creek, is well known for its liberal and spiritualistic sentiments. We gave three lectures to interested audiences, as well as vis-

ited among the pleasant families of this intelligent community, and wherever we went we found progress, growth and advancement in Spiritualism, as well as in many other things which tend to liberate and benefit humanity. No backsliders here; but every day does the inquiry, as regards the truths of Spiritualism, increase.

Our dear wife and daughter joining us, through the kindness of our friends we had the great pleasure of visiting the families of those truly liberal, progressive souls—the Parks, Pattersons, Wilsons and Moores; and only regretted that our time was so limited we could not accept the many kind invitations that were so freely extended to us. Bro. Parks and wife, though a "little older grown," we found as genial as ever. Here still was our aged friend, "Aunt Lottie;" her presence and vivacious society, as well as her sweet face of perpetual sunshine, was an attraction to us and a blessing to all. Old and young of this household, we love to meet. May it be our privilege again.

Calling at Bro. Wilson's—the same frank, jolly soul as ever—we found that Mrs. W. was very sick, and his team was hitched before his carriage to drive to Columbus to consult Dr. Freeman in regard to her case. Saw Mrs. Wilson; she was indeed a very sick woman; suffering terribly in her head. Being influenced, we magnetized her; she felt somewhat relieved, but could not sit up.

Accepting the invitation to ride to town with Bro. Wilson, the office of Dr. Freeman was at once visited on our arrival there. He was controlled by the spirit of Dr. Smith, who has controlled him so successfully for examinations and treatment the last fifteen years. Bro. Wilson said, "Dr. Smith, will you please examine my wife, and see what it is necessary for her to have?"

Now let the skeptic and everybody else understand, that Mrs. Wilson, the patient, was at home, full six miles off. The spirit answered, "I will do so." The spirit then seemed to withdraw from the medium, although Dr. Freeman did not come to consciousness. After a few seconds the spirit, Dr. Smith, returned and said, "Your wife is better than when you left home, (not two hours since we left,) she does not need any more or different medicines. She was sitting up a few seconds ago, when I was there. She feels better." "What's that, Doctor, my wife sitting up?" said Mr. Wilson, in surprise. "Why she has not left the bed for days, and was worse when Mr. Wheelock and I left the house not two hours since!" "Very true," replied Dr. Smith, the spirit, "but it is also true that I saw your wife a few moments since sitting up; she was not on the bed nor in the bedroom, but out of it, sitting up, as you will find when you go home!"

We left Columbus in a couple of hours, reaching Mr. Wilson's house about the middle of the afternoon, when we learned that Mrs. Wilson was feeling much better; and that at the time the spirit told us the fact, she was sitting up in a chair out on the porch of the house!

Will some of the scientific doctors of Columbus tell us how Dr. Freeman, or the spirit controlling him, could give us that accurate, positive information? Any of you doctors of physic, or theology, who are constantly calling Ben. Freeman "a humbug," tell us how it is done! Can any of your number do it, either by the "grace of God" or the grace of pills? It could not have been gathered from our minds, for we could scarcely believe it, even with the positive assertion of the spirit that it was so. Dr. Freeman could not possibly have known anything about her condition, only as the spirit told it. Oh, ye puzzled savans, how was the information given? Alas, your ignorance is your only answer? A. A. W.

[The remainder of this article will appear in the next Number.]

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.*

BY JANE SENIER.

I feel the love of my vanished youth drawn near to my soul to-night
 And the holy impress of its truth grows clearer to my sight;
 I know when I leave these earthly scenes her smiles will be there to greet me,
 And other friends that I have known, with outstretched arms to meet me.
 I know that spirit hands have pressed this wrinkled brow of mine,
 That once walked with me, side by side, in the light of another clime,
 That now they follow me step by step tho' sight nor sound is given,
 And that I shall share in their love again when I reach that land called heaven.
 And, Oh, how sweet to commune with them, to feel they come so near!
 To hear their gentle whisperings lend word of hope and cheer!
 What matter tho' cares oppress me now, and my soul weighed down with sorrow,
 If the loved and the loving encompass me, I dread not the coming morrow.
 It more than repays me for the toil, the suffering, I have known,
 And all the rankling weeds and thorns that on my path have grown.
 I patiently wait the coming time, when I too shall pass away,
 To the spirit home where happiness shall never know decay.
 "The Old Man's Story" pleased me much, "how beautiful," I said,
 "This glorious victory over death, and commune with the dead."
 I could not but ponder on the past—the old faith and the new;
 The more I turned from that to this the stronger conviction grew.
 And now I firmly take my stand and link my faith with those
 Who have grown strong and wise and good in battling with foes,
 A faith not based on books or creed, but on the "higher spheres,"
 Whose visitants commune with us and calm our doubts and fears;
 We see and feel their presence, they bring the truths we seek;
 Their sweet tones thrill our inmost souls, their soft hands press our cheeks.
 Ye skeptics who stand at the outer gate and dare not venture in,
 And hug to heart of hearts the chains of ignorance and sin,
 Who see no light but that which comes through narrow selfish creeds,
 Whilst the nearer you approach thereto, the further light recedes.
 Well may the inquiring mind recoil and stand aghast!
 And in deep and solemn earnestness the important question ask:
 The why and wherefore of those laws that govern sect and creed,
 The faith that each one must possess who would the Bible read,
 The different modes of worship, the Pagan and the Jew,
 The Mohammedan and the Christian, and each pronounced the true!
 They tell you reasoning enters not the precincts of their sphere,
 That it needs no scope of intellect to make the gospel clear!
 Well may atheists abound and ignorance and crime,
 And the despairing suicide who dies before his time.
 But out in the midnight darkness strange, weird-like sounds are heard;
 In the deep recesses of the soul the old dead leaves are stirred,
 And underneath, the fresh green tints of a new life are springing,
 And earth's glad voices catch the strain the spirit choir are singing,
 And Oh, the sweet consoling joy that seems to fill all space;
 To feel no more those *aching voids* that in the soul had place;
 No struggling with weakened faith that could not, would not hold
 To priestly garb and dogma, tho' wrought in gems and gold.
 I too on bended knee have prayed that my weak faith would strengthen,
 But the yawning gulf, twixt me and God, seemed ever more to lengthen;
 The chances of eternal life were vague and all uncertain;

Oh, how I longed to look beyond, to lift the mystic curtain,
 To meet God face to face to plead my own cause, and the world's,
 That dogma and superstition might from their thrones be hurled!
 I stood upon that precipice, despairing and alone,
 But no responses ever came, no kind assuring tone;
 Years passed, and still I wandered upon that trackless sea,
 And Oh, how long and dreary those years appeared to me—
 But now the shore beyond I view—the tides both ebb and flow;
 No bark upon those waters can e'er destruction know!
 Mazomanie, Wis.

*The story was told to me just as I have given it.

Theological Progress.

BY GEORGE A. BACON.

The Boston *Daily News*, edited by two clergymen, one Congregationalist and the other a Methodist, speaking lately about the schism in European Catholicism, says: "There is no infallible Church. Now that such great men as Pere Hyacinth and Dr. Dollinger, Prof. at Munich, and many other devout persons of that faith, declare that the Catholic Church, like the rest of the Christian world, must be governed by reason and conscience, nothing is more certain than that a great change for the better is to come over that whole organization throughout the world." And of a truth may it be affirmed that when representative Protestant divines, both in Europe and America, like Bishop Colenso and Henry Ward Beecher, utter with so much favor their respective radicalisms; when the clergy generally, and their numerous followers, manifest a disposition to apply "reason and conscience" to their respective church doctrines, with a willingness to abide by their legitimate consequences—nothing is more certain than that a revolution in ecclesiastical matters is nigh at hand, which shall liberate the theologically enslaved and set free those bound in superstition's dark thrall. Meanwhile, laboring diligently to hasten the oncoming time, we anxiously await the brighter dawn of that emancipative era which shall usher in complete mental freedom to all the sons and daughters of men.

All hail! thou Genius of the New! Do thy deep and disintegrative work so well that never again shall the shackles of religious serfdom be found in all the land. Lay the foundations of a religious system commensurate with the enlightenment of the highest civilization and adapted to the needs of an ever progressive humanity.

PHENOMENAL.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. July 11th, 1871.

A. A. Wheelock:

Brother—According to promise I pen a few lines to you concerning the doings at Moravia, N. Y., where I have been and witnessed things truly wonderful, for myself.

I started one morning at 5 A. M., with my daughter Anna, for the much talked of Moravia. We reached the house of Bro. Keeler at half past nine, A. M., and after partaking of a right good substantial meal, we repaired to the room of wonders. Mr. Keeler is almost always in attendance, and helps to conduct the circle. At first we proceeded in darkness, but the spirits would not so have it, and with their presence made that part of the room in which the cabinet is placed as light as noon day. Bro. Keeler said that was the first time which that remarkable manifestation ever took place in his house. Spirit lights were to be seen floating about the room over head, two, three and four at a time. The brilliant light spoken of was more like the flashes of lightning on a summer evening, but more soft and beautiful. It must be seen to be realized. Spirits talked right out with the aid of the trumpet, and patted us frequently, after which the medium went into the cabinet, and the lamp was lighted in the

room, and three of my departed friends came, so that to myself and daughter they were as real as when in the form with us here—two beloved companions and a brother. Strangers to myself, sitting in the room, could see the family resemblance to me, and I have no doubt but it was my brother. To myself and daughter it was as real as life. I would say, by the way, that my daughter does not believe much in the Spiritualism of to-day. She is a member of the would-be-church of God; but I think she is looking two ways for Sunday at present.

I would recommend all who would like to see spirits of the so-called dead, once clothed in flesh, that they may see and know them again, if it is but for a moment or two, to go to Friend Keeler's and see the wonders for themselves. It is no clap-trap operation; one has but to see the medium and Bro. Morris Keeler to be convinced of their sincerity and truthfulness in the whole matter. So far as they are concerned, it is not done for money. Brother Keeler gives his house up to the public, and devotes his entire time to the work. For a long time he made no charge, but for self preservation he has made it a rule to charge fifty cents each meal and the same for lodgings, or if one stops a day or two his charge is \$1.50 per day. The medium has two dollars each sitting or seance. The medium is a married lady with three children; her name is Mary Andrews. Yours respectfully,

C. E. WILLIAMS.

A Spouting Spring Discovered by Spirits at Ballston.

From the Ballston News.

The origin of the famous boiling spring which bears the name of Benjamin Franklin, is well known to our readers. Fifteen years ago the spirit of the departed Franklin announced through a spiritual medium that a vein of mineral water could be found by boring on the spot where the spring is now located.

Since that time the spirit of the benefactor of mankind has turned its attention from heavenly pursuits and occupied itself by locating sites for mineral fountains. Soon after the Franklin was finished, Benjamin announced that, by boring to the depth of 656 feet on a spot a little to the north-east of the first well, another vein of water might be developed. This fact was stated to a citizen of this village who is not a believer in Spiritualism, and he marked the figures "656" on the wall of the spring-house, where they still remain.

Soon after this time the work of boring commenced, and proceeded steadily and quietly, with no remarkable incidents, until one evening, when the required depth was nearly reached, the proprietor went into the derrick and found the man who was boring sitting directly over the well, drilling away as though the spirits had no control of the internal fountain, which was so soon to develop itself according to announcement. He advised the man to be cautious and get away in time, but the unbeliever scoffed, and the regular thud of the drill still kept time to the careless whistling of the faithless borer. Just as the last fraction of the 656th foot was drilled away, there came a roar and a rush of mighty waters carrying everything before it; stool, man, whistle and all went up and came down with a torrent of water and gas.

The burly, bearded man of the drill looked like the mythical Santa Claus as he came down through the derrick and landed on *terra firma*, a firm believer in spiritual manifestations. The well was tubed, and ever since has spouted daily. On last Thursday afternoon it was announced that the building would be open to the public, and hundreds of people gathered to witness the strange phenomenon.

At 3 o'clock the cap was removed from the tube, and the water commenced flowing into the tank; this continued but a moment, when the water began to recede, and its descent could be heard until it was

about 100 feet from the surface, where it rested, as if concentrating for a mighty effort that was to astonish the waiting spectators.

Soon the bubbling and the rushing of the ascending waters was heard, and at 3.05 o'clock the water again flowed over the top of the tube, gradually ascending and receding alternately for about five minutes. When the liquid column had reached a height of thirty feet the spectacle became beautiful.

The stream of gas and water spouted upward in a solid column in the centre of the building, and upon reaching its great height gracefully turned, and falling, formed a circle of snow-white spray, which, wherever it was touched by the sunlight, displayed all the colors of the rainbow.

At 3½ o'clock the column shot up to the roof of the derrick, as if propelled by a force which it would be impossible to attain by artificial means. It seemed as if the mighty mystery must have exhausted itself, and that this must be the final throes of the great veins which were being drained of their precious mineral fluid.

But the beautiful column now nearing sixty feet in height, continued spouting as if the great heart of the earth itself were throbbing out its life blood. The grand display continued until half-past three o'clock, when Mr. Mitchell, with much difficulty, and after several ineffectual attempts, succeeded in recapping the tube.

Since the discovery of this last spring, the name of which has not yet been revealed, Franklin's spirit has announced the location of two more springs, the first of which, a white sulphur spring, will be developed before another season.

Subscribe! Subscribe!!

Still greater inducements we are now able to offer to all those who desire to read a spiritual paper. The AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST is now \$1.50 a year. The *Lyceum Banner* \$1. Arrangements have been made by which these two papers will be sent to one address for \$2 a year. Both papers are published every two weeks alternately, so that those who subscribe for both will have a paper every week. But the important point that will commend itself to our friends these hard times for money, is the unparalleled cheapness with which two excellent papers are supplied for a year—thus enabling them not only to have good reading matter for themselves, but obtain it for their children. Every Spiritualist in the land ought to subscribe for both papers and get their friends to do the same. A. A. W.

PLEASE REMEMBER!

We take this method to whisper just a confidential word or two into the confidential ear of EVERY ONE OF OUR FRIENDS, whose SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE DUE, to PLEASE remember—REMEMBER—REMEMBER that we WANT, NEED, and MUST have the MONEY! We want it NOW. One subscription is but a trifle to one individual. A number of such trifles to individuals, becomes a matter of GREAT MOMENT to us!

We now find names of several subscribers on our books who have given no heed to the "blue stamp" on the margin of their paper, making their subscription over due some weeks! We doubt not this is simply neglect.

PLEASE REMEMBER, then, and SEND us the MONEY AT ONCE. A. A. W.

Voices of Correspondents.

DAYTON, O., July 31, 1871.

Brother Wheelock:

We have succeeded in forming the liberal friends of this city into a society, which we think will do much benefit to the cause of Spiritualism and religious liberality in this vicinity. Its officers are: Wm. H. Best, Secretary; J. Gary, Dr. C. Bradley and Miss Ann Musser, Trustees; C. W. Kelly, President; Mrs. Gary, vice-President; W. C. Corr, Treasurer. The society proposes to employ the best of lecturers as much as half the time.

We go from here to Richmond, Indiana, to arrange our permanent home; and from there we go, about the middle of August, to aid the Lyceum at Blooming Valley, Penn. All communications should be addressed to us at Richmond, Ind. We expect to find constant work in Ohio and Indiana. The need is great, the laborers few, and pay difficult to raise. Yet we hope and feel encouraged. Yours, ELI F. BROWN.

ST. ANTHONY, Minnesota.

Editors American Spiritualist,

Cleveland, Ohio:

GENTS,—Something over a year since I ordered your paper sent to Mrs. D. C. B., St. Anthony, Minn., a good woman who feels a deep interest in your philosophy; and particularly for the reason that nearly all those whom she loved here are now residents of that heretofore "undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns." She has become fully convinced that the country has been discovered; that travelers thence do often return to bless their loved ones here; and to her this conviction is worth more than all the "faith" and all the "hope" of all the churches in the world. And yet she constantly desires more light. I therefore take pleasure in renewing her subscription.

Very respectfully,

O. C. M.

MOBILE, Alabama, July 11, 1871.

Editors American Spiritualist:

I find myself in arrears with your office on my subscription for two numbers of your valuable paper since the 1st of May, 1871. * * * It is my intention to continue this paper for the reason that I consider it one of the most consistent, most modest, and as exceedingly good and practical in everything, as it is unpretending. I sincerely wish you every possible success, and had intended to write you an occasional article, but have found no available opportunity to do so, but may when I return and become more settled. Yours, of all, is my choice. Hoping for your success, I remain,

Your fraternal friend,

Y. A. C.

MARTIN'S FERRY, O., June 2, 1871.

Mr. Wheelock:

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed you will find \$2, one year's subscription to the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST and *Lyceum Banner*. I love the spirit of your paper as a fearless advocate of our glorious cause. In Wheeling they were progressing admirably until Laura Ellis came; since that we have been in a very languishing state. The seeming expose did not do the cause so much injury as the scandalous way in which Mr. Ellis spoke of the Spiritualists generally. I feel very indignant at the charges (which I believe to be false) he brought against them, in the presence of two or three of the most influential citizens of Wheeling. Our heaven-born Philosophy is not safe in the hands of such men, and I hope no true Spiritualist will endorse him.

I hope E. V. Wilson will come in the fall and revive us again. The people of Wheeling liked him very much, and he did much good.

With many earnest wishes for your success in driving away the clouds of bigotry and prejudice. I am

Yours for the Truth,

JANE STANDEN.

VERSAILLES, N. Y., July 25, 1871.

Dear Bro. Wheelock:

I see by the blue stamp that my subscription to your paper has expired, I therefore enclose \$1.50 for its continuance.

Its bright pages have become a part of me, and I trust that I may never be obliged to lose its cheering presence. I shall not cease to labor for its support, believing that the gradual growth of the American mind will not see its national organ of Truth and Liberty fail for the need of their support.

I have just returned from Alton, Wayne County, where Bro. Howe and myself held a grove meeting. The attendance was large, there being over two thousand people convened. Dr. Ostram arranged these meetings once a year, and the influence is reaching a large section of country. Bro. Howe

has promised to give you a detailed account of the meeting, and so I leave it for his better pen.

Bro. Howe was enabled to get some subscribers for your paper, also the *Lyceum Banner*. I am engaged the most of the time, and the promise is good.

I hope you may meet us at the Medium's meeting at LeRoy, the first week in September, Saturday and Sunday.

With much respect, I remain your helper,

BISHOP A. BEALS

WESTFIELD, N. Y., July 18, 1871.

Editors American Spiritualist:

In your last number, July 15th, I read an article from the pen of Wm. B. Fahnestock, on "Magnetic Paper, Water, Powders, &c.," in which the author declares it impossible for any virtue or curative powers to be contained in bits of paper, &c., but acknowledges that cures have been made in that way which he attributes to faith or belief. Now I wish to state my own case, and ask the brother, or any one else, to give their views as to the cause of the cures effected: In 1868 I was badly afflicted with dyspepsia; had to diet all the time. I have an uncle living in Chicago who cures by magnetized paper. I had little or no faith in it, but concluded to write, and accordingly received a sheet of magnetized paper, with the specified directions, which I strictly followed. The result was, I was entirely cured, and I have had no symptoms of the disease since.

Another instance: Some three months ago I wrote to Dr. Newton to know if he could cure me, as I was in quite feeble health. He sent me an answer saying he would magnetize the letter, and upon reading it I would be entirely cured. And I was cured, and still remain so, thanks to Dr. Newton and the higher powers.

Now for the sequel to my story:

My friends are nearly all bitterly opposed to Spiritualism, and everything pertaining to it. A sister of mine, seeing the marked change in my health, made some inquiry, when I very candidly produced the letter that had been magnetized by Dr. Newton. She took the letter to another sister that is dropsical, who to test if there was anything in it, said, "I will try if it will help me;" and while ridiculing the idea, she held the letter in her hand. That night she was taken violently sick, and in the morning her bloating was very much reduced. She now says she will write to Dr. Newton herself. Another lady at the same time took the letter, and in a jesting manner said she would try if it would cure her sore throat, which she had the candor afterwards to admit it helped very much. So now, Bro. Fahnestock, where was either the faith or belief. Please to enlighten a searcher for truth.

MRS. M. EASON,

EAST TOLEDO, July 15, 1871.

Brother Wheelock:

I have been spending a few weeks at St. Louis, Michigan, trying the virtue of the water from the magnetic well. There were many invalids there, some of whom thought they were receiving material benefit. I came to the conclusion that those were benefited most who had the most confidence in it; and as a general thing, the benefit received was in proportion to the confidence the invalid had in its efficacy.

I was there on the Fourth of July and attended their celebration, and heard the address (which I suppose was prepared for the occasion) read by Judge Mosher, the announced orator of the day.

Chief Justice Chase and General Hooker were present, and quite an audience, more than could well hear the address.

The address contained many good things. It also contained what I suppose he [the speaker] considered a high compliment to woman; but it happened to strike me as quite ridiculous. He spoke of numerous things with which man was blessed, and for which he had great reason to be grateful; and closed his remarks upon that point by saying, in substance, that among all the things with which man was blessed, woman was the greatest.

The idea that appeared ludicrous was, that in the Judge's estimation, woman, instead of being man's equal, was only pre-eminent among other things—even in preference to a good horse.

It reminded me of a remark addressed to me by a man who had recently buried his wife. He was a man who, previous to his marriage, had been for several years in my employ as a farm laborer, and had accumulated property to the amount of a thousand dollars or more. He was trying to convey to me some idea of how bad he felt on the occasion of his wife's death. "Why, Mr. Stevens," said he, "I shouldn't have felt worse if I had lost a hundred dollars. Truly thine,

CLIVER STEVENS.

Harry Bastian's Mediumship.

BY GEO. A. BACON.

Your inquiry relative to the genuineness of this gentleman's mediumship was most opportune and reasonable. The query was doubtless propounded in the interest of truth and spiritualistic investigation, with a desire to ascertain the correctness of the report that he had been detected in manufacturing the manifestations himself.

Let me briefly state what I know about the matter. Several weeks ago, in company with several prominent friends of the spiritual movement, including the assistant editor of the *Banner of Light*, Mr. Lewis B. Wilson and his lady, Mr. John Wm. Day, the reporter for the *Banner*, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Farrow, well-known wealthy Spiritualists of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. John Wetherbee, E. S. Wheeler, Dr. H. B. Storer, and a dozen others, I attended one of Mr. Bastian's seances. The evening was extremely oppressive, the room badly ventilated, and the medium not well. These items rendered conditions more than three fold unfavorable. After some delay, the usual manifestations took place, which apparently were more or less satisfactory. During the latter part of the evening, however, lights were suddenly struck, three separate times; on each occasion revealing the medium in a very equivocal position. Once he was seen standing up; the second time his hands were discovered resting on the table where the instruments had been placed; the third time he appeared to be untying the ropes around his feet. Without a moment's thought or explanation, the sceptical portion of the company jumped to the conclusion and pronounced him to be a fraud. The more experienced and wiser ones suspended judgment. They weighed these significant facts, that strongly materialistic minds are apt to be unduly prejudiced against any so-called spiritual manifestations; rarely unbiased, they often prove to be the worst judges: that on each of these occasions, when the light was suddenly sprung upon him, the medium was found securely tied; that when his hands were discovered resting on the table the instruments were playing in mid air, falling on the table and to the floor on the appearance of the light; that he did not appear disconcerted by the striking of the light; that his conduct and spirit throughout the trying scene were highly in his favor.

Though lights had before been sprung in his presence, he had always been found quietly sitting in his chair.

The explanation of the invisibles, through the trumpet was that the conditions necessitated their using him in the manner they did, otherwise nothing would have been done; that they rested his hands upon the table in order to better obtain the emanations from him; that they used his hands in front, while they employed their own in the rear of the chair when untying him.

The seance proving unsatisfactory, and a statement appearing in one of the Boston daily papers a few days afterwards, signed by half a dozen persons who were present on the occasion, to the effect that Mr. B. was an impostor, Mr. Ira Davenport and Mr. Bastian both proposed to submit to another trial under test conditions. This was subsequently done—Mr. E. S. Wheeler and Dr. H. B. Storer serving as the committee. Time will not permit me now to give an account of this seance in detail, but suffice it to say, it proved beyond all question that Mr. Harry Bastian is an unmistakable medium.

GROVE MEETING.

There will be a Grove Meeting of the friends of Spiritualism, Sunday, August 13th, on the premises of Dr. A. Underhill, two and one-half miles west of Cuyahoga Falls, O. O. L. Sutliff will be present, and other speakers are expected. All are invited. Meeting to commence at 10½ A. M. A. UNDERHILL.

Victoria League.

We are in receipt of the following Circular from the Victoria League, by which it will be seen that they are fully organized and ready for work. And the opposers of woman's suffrage will soon find that they mean business.

NEW YORK, August 1st, 1871.

We have the honor to announce The Victoria League, an association now organized, equipped, and in working order, having its headquarters in New York, and its co-operative agencies in Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco.

Its mission is to unite the progressive portion of the American People into a new political organization, or body of voters, called The Equal Rights Party, consisting of both sexes, and founded on the Constitutional right of suffrage which the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments vest in women as well as men.

It demands from Congress, at its next session, a Declaratory Act, setting forth, definitely, this interpretation of these amendments, together with immediate legislation to insure the free exercise, by women, as by other citizens, of the elective franchise in the several States.

It nominates, and will support, and expects to elect, as the next President of the United States, by the combined suffrages of men and women, in 1872, Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, of New York.

Accompanying this note, by the same mail, you will receive copies of a correspondence between the Victoria League and its Presidential Candidate, to which your attention is directed the more especially from the fact that, in Mrs. Woodhull's letter accepting the nomination, she has given a full statement, at the request of the League, of the argument by which she deduces, from the new Amendments, the right of her sex to the elective franchise.

Let us have Peace.

BY E. S. WHEELER.

"The best news of the year is the signing of the new treaty by the members of the High Commission. Great as is the advantage secured by this Treaty of Washington, in that it settles all outstanding disputes, and makes war an impossibility between two nations kindred in everything, the greatest advantage of all is even more wide-reaching: It is a long step in advance toward that general principle of a Congress of Nations, which shall settle all quarrels by the arbitration of friendly powers. Two weary, anxious nations, tired of war, dreading its distant rumors, though resolute enough when war must come, ratify the present treaty."

"War is the science of barbarians." The greater the barbarian the better the soldier. War is the disgrace of humanity; force settles nothing. Away with local conceits; down with the narrow idea of patriotism. Nationalism is a delusion; loyalty is due only to truth; real patriots are those whose country is the world, whose fellow citizens are the human race. The CONGRESS OF NATIONS is the only possible respectable legislature!

WISCONSIN GROVE MEETINGS.

Friends in our State will notice the Grove meetings. They are to be great gatherings, and immortals with us who await their inspirations. Come from far and near, and let us establish powerful batteries.

Should weather prohibit our assembling in groves at any of these meetings, halls will be open. So come—come everybody to the feasts of Tabernacles." It will be noticed that the meeting at Beaver Dam is withdrawn, and the time will be occupied at another point hereafter noticed. J. O. BARRETT,

Glen Beulah, Aug. 7th 1871. Wis. Missionary.

We have been highly gratified at the promptness with which so many have recently renewed their subscriptions to the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, as well as the many encouraging and flattering letters we have received from them. We thank them all for their prompt renewals and words of encouragement. There are a few, however, whom we cannot yet include in the number above mentioned, but we hope to do so soon. Friends, you will render our labors much easier, if you will notice when your subscriptions expire and renew at once, those who have not already done so. Please remember it.

NOTICE.

The time for holding the Union Picnic in this city has been changed from the 16th to the 19th of September, to give the delegates to the National Convention at Troy, N. Y. time to arrive here. It is hoped that they will be present in full force. Every exertion will be made to make the Picnic a success. Several Lyceums have already promised to be here in a body, and others will send delegations. Suitable accommodations are guaranteed to all friends of the cause who may be present.

Another reason for the postponement is that the 16th is the last day of the Northern Ohio Fair and it is impossible to procure reduced car rates for the Lyceums on that day.

A circular explaining the purpose of this meeting will be found enclosed in the present number of the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST.

Spiritualists papers, please copy.

MASON AND DIXON'S LINE

SPIRITUALIST CAMP MEETING!

There will be a Grand Camp Meeting of Spiritualists at

HAVRE DE GRACE, MARYLAND,

commencing at 2 o'clock p. m., of

Wednesday, August 23, and continuing over Sunday.

It is designed to make this Camp Meeting the *Grandest Convention of Spiritualists ever held in the World*. Good speakers, Test and Physical Mediums, will be in attendance, and no pains will be spared to make this the most interesting instructive and harmonious gathering in the world.

ON FRIDAY, the third day of the meeting, there will be an exhibition of the

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM,

in all its workings. This exhibition will be participated in by several Lyceums. Lyceums from every part of the United States are invited to attend and take a part. The Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Rail Road Company, have agreed to carry passengers to and from the Camp Meeting at reduced rates.

Come one, come all, bring your tents, blankets and provisions, and let us have a time long to be remembered.

For particulars address Moses Hull, or James Frist, Baltimore; A. P. McCombs, Havre de Grace; or H. T. Child, M. D., 634 Race Street, Phila.

Eighth National Convention.

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

The Eighth National Convention will meet in Troy, N. Y., on Tuesday, the 12th day of September, at 10 o'clock in the morning, and continue in session three days.

Each active State or Territorial organization of Spiritualists, within the limits of the United States of America, shall be entitled to one delegate for each fractional fifty members of such organization, and of each working local society, and each Progressive Lyceum within the boundaries of such State or Territory, provided that only one general organization shall be entitled to representation from any State or Territory—Each Province of the American Continent shall be entitled to one delegate for each working Association within its limits, and the District of Columbia shall be entitled to two delegates.

Each active local Society, and each Progressive Lyceum of any State, Territory or Province, which has no General Association, shall be entitled to one delegate for each fractional fifty members.

These associations are respectfully invited to appoint delegates to attend this meeting and participate in the proceedings thereof.

H. T. CHILD, M. D., Sec'y, HANNAH F. M. BROWN, Pres't,
634 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. Chicago, Ill.

GROVE MEETING.

The Spiritualists of Grafton and vicinity will hold a Grove Meeting on Saturday and Sunday, August 26th and 27th, in a grove opposite the residence of Duke Mennell, situate one mile west and one-half mile north of Grafton Centre, Lorain county. Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson and other able speakers will be in attendance.

MEDIUMS AND SPEAKERS' CONVENTION AT LE ROY, N. Y.

A Quarterly Convention of Mediums, Speakers and others, will be held at Starr or Central Hall, Le Roy, N. Y., on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 2nd and 3rd, commencing at 10 o'clock each day.

The New York State Spiritualists Association holds its annual session on Saturday, at 2 o'clock, in connection with this quarterly convention.

Let there be a general attendance from all parts of Western New York. The halls are commodious, the facilities for arriving there by railway ample, and the rich experiences of our past conventions furnish sufficient guarantee for the success of the present.

A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend.

J. W. SEAVER,
GEO. W. TAYLOR, } Com.
A. E. TILDEN.

July 29, 1871.

GROVE MEETING.

The Spiritualists of Shalersville, Mantua and Freedom townships will hold their Annual Meeting the last Sunday in August, in Truman Vaughn's Grove, two miles east and one mile west of Mantua Station, Ohio.

Mrs F. O. Hyzer of Baltimore, and other speakers are engaged. All are invited.

P. S. There will be no meeting last Sunday of July as was advertised.

D. M. KING.

MASS MEETINGS IN WISCONSIN.

Speakers J. O. Barrett and Mrs. Mattie Hulett Parry, will hold Grove Meetings,

At Geneva, Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 12th and 13th.

At Oakfield, Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 19th and 20th. Dr. E. C. Dunn will be present.

At Reidsburg, Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 26th and 27th. Speakers, J. C. Barrett, Dr. E. C. Dunn and Mrs. Mattie Hulett Parry.

Ohio State Association of Spiritualists

Will hold its Fifth Annual Convention on the first Saturday and Sunday of September next, in Roberts' Hall, Milan, O., commencing at 11 a. m. Each local Society and Children's Progressive Lyceum is entitled to four delegates, and two additional for each fifty members, or fractional after the first fifty.

Important business will come before the Convention, and every Society and Lyceum in the State is earnestly requested to send a full delegation.

The well known and tried hospitality of the Milan Society is extended to all delegates, who will be provided with homes, as far as possible.

Eminent speakers are expected, who will be duly announced, and a cordial invitation is extended to all speakers and mediums; to all Spiritualists and Liberalists, to meet and renew their strength at this annual reunion.

Milan is situated three miles from Norwalk, on the Lake Shore R. R., and all trains are met by the hacks.

HUDSON TUTTLE, Pres't,
GEO. W. WILSON, Rec. Sec'y,

EMMA TUTTLE, Cor. Sec'y.

NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION.

The Fifth Annual Convention of the New York State Association of Spiritualists will be held in the village of Le Roy, Genesee county, N. Y., on Saturday, September 2, 1871, commencing at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and continue two days if thought expedient.

Each local Association of Spiritualists in the State, Children's Progressive Lyceums, and Friends of Progress are entitled to, and earnestly requested to send two delegates, and an additional delegate for each fifty members, and fractions of that number over the first fifty.

The delegates to represent this State in the next Convention of the American Association of Spiritualists to be held in the city of Troy, N. Y., on the 12th day of September next, will be appointed at this meeting.

It is hoped and earnestly desired that each active society of Spiritualists and Children's Lyceums, in the State, will at once forward to the Secretary at Rochester, N. Y., the name of each Society and Lyceum, its location and number of members. Also, the names and address of such persons as may be desired for delegates from such localities, in order to enable the Convention to select the proper number of delegates, properly distributed throughout the State, as this is the only channel through which the delegation from this State can be received in the National Convention of the American Association, according to the provisions of its Constitution, and also its published call for the Convention.

J. W. SEAVER, President.

P. I. CLUM, Secretary.
ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 27, 1871.

Lecturers' Appointments.

Mrs. S. M. Thompson will speak in the Free Church at La-Grange Centre, Lorain County, Ohio, on Saturday and Sunday ev'gs, August 26th and 27th, 1871.

LITERARY NOTICES.

SOCIAL EVILS; their Causes and Woman's Claims. A Lecture, by Mrs. M. Townsend Hoadley. Hopedale, Mass., 1871.

The title of this pamphlet of twenty-six pages fully indicates to the reader the subject matter upon which it treats; and the well-known name of the authoress, the manner which her interest in this overshadowing question would be likely to receive from her pen.

It is an earnest and emphatic protest by a woman against those tendencies and practices, the indulgence of which so fatally afflicts society everywhere. In this connection she clearly points out the one especial cause from which spring "the great unrest, inharmonious and angularity," so manifest in the world. Besides this, it is an eloquent vindication of the claims of woman to be justly regarded by man "equal in all human law, as she is in divine."

It is an anomaly remarkable as it is lamentable that that which reason and experience demonstrates to be for the highest and most universal good, receives the least and latest attention. All members of the body politic are concerned in the subject of "Social Evils," so-called, yet how little is done, save in exceptional cases, to remove or even modify their causes.

The purpose and general spirit of our sister we heartily second and approve, and sincerely hope that men and women, as we know the angels will, sustain her hands and encourage her heart, to faithfully continue to labor in the direction whereunto she feels herself commissioned.

Having said this much commendatory, we feel all the more free to dissent from several statements and conclusions which attracted our attention while hurriedly perusing this lecture. We stop to specify only two. On page 18 she says, "The existence of a disposition to rule, proves inferiority." This does not necessarily follow. Again on page 16 we read, "Through woman alone have we the demonstration of perfect love,"—the truth of which we question. The pamphlet, however, deserves an extensive circulation, and we pray it may receive it, for the good it will do.

G. A. B.

OBITUARY.

Departed to her spirit home, June the 4th after a severe illness of three weeks, at Anaheim, California, Kate Parker, aged 16 years and 10 months, daughter of Mr. L. and Mrs. Kate Parker. Her weary body sought repose from earthly pain and sorrow to be free. Calmly she gazed, then quickly said: "Sister your babe I see, that left this place to dwell with angels last New Year's morn. Has father come? I'll wait for him. He came. Folding her hands upon her breast, the farewell words were too soon said;—our darling child was with the dead.

POS. AND NEG. POWDERS.

These Powders have long been before the public, and the sale of them increases largely each year. We have used them in our own family and know they are good. See Prof. Spence's advertisement in another column, and send your orders to him or to this office and they will be promptly filled.

SPIRITUALIST LECTURERS' CLUB.

BUREAU OF INFORMATION.

Information regarding lecturers, given upon application. Speakers of recognized ability, male or female, can be engaged for any time, for any place, and at the shortest notice, through this Agency—for lectures, marriages, funerals or other occasions.

Members of the Club will please send their address, terms and engagements to the Secretary. All reliable, liberal lecturers and media are invited to join the Club, and thus promote their own interest and accommodate the public.

Per order of the Club. Geo. A. Bacon, Sec'y.
Boylston Market, Boston.

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A PARTNER WANTED, with from \$8,000 to \$10,000 capital, to engage in the manufacture and sale of a "popular medicine," which has been thoroughly and very successfully used during the past ten years.

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For further particulars enquire of the MANAGING EDITOR of this paper.

LECTURERS' REGISTER.

[This list is published gratuitously. It will be extended as fast as those interested notify us of its reliability. Will those concerned keep us posted?]

Allyn, C. Fannie, permanent address, Stoneham, Mass.
Barrett, J. O., Glen Beulah, Wis.
Ballou, Mrs. Addie L., Chicago, Ill., care R. P. Journal.
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Burnham, Mrs. Abby N. Address Boston.
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Clark, Dean Address care Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.
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Child, Henry T., M. D., 634 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
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The Managing Editor will answer calls
for Lectures, officiate at Marriage Ceremonies
and attend Funerals.

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Inches	1 time	2 issues	1 month	2 months	3 months	4 months	5 months	6 months	7 months	8 months	9 months	10 months	11 months	12 months	1 year
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2	1.75	2.50	4.10	5.81	7.44	9.07	10.71	12.34	13.97	15.60	17.23	18.86	20.49	22.12	23.75
3	2.50	3.50	5.70	7.82	9.96	12.10	14.24	16.38	18.52	20.66	22.80	24.94	27.08	29.22	31.36
4	3.25	4.50	7.21	9.83	12.45	15.07	17.69	20.31	22.93	25.55	28.17	30.79	33.41	36.03	38.65
5	4.00	5.50	8.72	11.83	14.94	18.05	21.16	24.27	27.38	30.49	33.60	36.71	39.82	42.93	46.04
6	4.75	6.50	10.23	13.86	17.52	21.19	24.86	28.53	32.20	35.87	39.54	43.21	46.88	50.55	54.22
7	5.50	7.50	11.74	15.87	19.94	24.02	28.10	32.18	36.26	40.34	44.42	48.50	52.58	56.66	60.74
8	6.25	8.50	13.25	17.89	22.50	27.12	31.74	36.36	40.98	45.60	50.22	54.84	59.46	64.08	68.70
9	7.00	9.50	14.76	19.89	25.08	30.28	35.48	40.68	45.88	51.08	56.28	61.48	66.68	71.88	77.08
10	7.75	10.50	16.27	21.90	27.61	33.32	39.03	44.74	50.45	56.16	61.87	67.58	73.29	79.00	84.71
11	8.50	11.50	17.78	23.91	29.82	35.73	41.64	47.55	53.46	59.37	65.28	71.19	77.10	83.01	88.92
12	9.25	12.50	19.29	25.92	32.20	38.48	44.76	51.04	57.32	63.60	69.88	76.16	82.44	88.72	95.00
13	10.00	13.50	20.80	28.00	34.50	41.00	47.50	54.00	60.50	67.00	73.50	80.00	86.50	93.00	99.50

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A. A. W.

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AN EPIC OF THE PAST AND
FUTURE OF AMERICA.

By Mrs. Cera L. V. Tappan.

One vol., 12mo. cloth, tinted paper, beveled
edges. Published by S. F. Tappan & Co., No.
136 Eighth St., fourth door from Broadway,
New York.

Brief extracts of Notices by the Press.

The Springfield [Mass.] Republican says:

"The reader is constantly reminded of
Shelley, and now and then of Tennyson, Walt
Whitman and other more recent poets."

The Washington [D. C.] Chronicle says:

"Mrs. Tappan has treated her subject in a
manner peculiar to herself. Her language is
full of beauty and melody; her conceptions
are original and lofty; her thoughts are a
musical blending of grace and power."

The Columbus [Ohio] State Journal says:

"Hesperia is beautifully printed, and is un-
exceptionable in physique. The poem is
written in classic style, with abundant im-
agery. It presents in the form of an allegory
the struggle of Liberty and Justice for pos-
session of 'the beautiful kingdom in the
Western World.'"

The New York Herald says:

"The theme, in a highly sublimated poeti-
cal allegory, is the rise, prosperity, abomina-
tions, insolence, terrific struggle and bloody
downfall of American slavery, and the glori-
ous triumph of Liberty and her glorious
reign. The poem, in various styles of versi-
fication, is divided into several books, each of
which is dedicated to some one of the great
leaders and champions of the emancipation
cause. The authoress is a scholar and a poet,
and Hesperia abounds in poetry of a high
order. In truth, the allegory, with all its
fanciful characters of the high Olympus order,
and fanciful intricacies of plots and counter-
plots, has throughout, with the glow of a per-
vading feminine softness, withal something of
the simplicity of phraseology and something
of the majesty, strength and kindling enthusi-
asm of the old masters."

The New National Era [Washington, D. C.]
says:

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liant coruscations of which it is not difficult
to read the rise, progress, desperate struggle
with wrong, partial success, and triumph of
America. * * * Turning in Book II. to the
story of Shenandoah, pausing to drop a tear
for the martyred Quina, we pass the Interlude
to Laus Natura. Here the fair author sings
as only a gentle, loving, tender, pitying
heart can sing

"Of a race that is passing away."

We renew our faith with history, and re-light
a taper at the shrine of Cooper, as Powhatan's
proud, stern 'No,' and gentle Pocahontas, 'I
give my life instead,' fall again on our credu-
lous ears.

"Once more Massasoit 'bends the war cloud
to peace' and King Philip 'pleads his wrongs,'
while Canonicus 'strives his race to save with
Mianatomo.' Softly down the corridors of
Time faintly steal the dying echoes of elo-
quent Garangula, and full in sight avenging
Tecumseh grasps the futile hatchet to save

"hunting grounds and graves
Sacred to sires and braves."

"We blush again as the dying Osceola re-
bukes the gazing strangers in the everglades
of Florida, and not even the 'Hymn to the
Mississippi' can drown the 'Lament of Logan.'
The benediction is happily conceived and fitly
expressed, and we heartily welcome Hesperia
to our centre-table and the library." 11-1f

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ARE VISIONS ABOUT?

BY JAMES REDPATH.

I.

Heed not what the pundits say,
Sing the poets as they may,
Not by faith however old,
Nor by works however hold,
Nor by any mystic creed
Can the soul of man be freed
From its dungeon built by Fate,
Whether it be small or great—
From its temperamental prison:
Not by prophets who have risen
To the Upper House whose portals
Open only to immortals,
Nor by art that grief assuages,
Nor by teachings by the sages,
Nor by Zeal's self-immolation,
Nor by Trust's heart-invocation.

II.

Harte may sing and Knapp may thunder,
Fulton damn and John Hay wonder,
Still, until God changes nature,
Shall I disbelieve the stature
Of the dwarf can here be heightened,
Or the Ethiop's hue be brightened;
What we are—or oak or lily,
Man or reptile, wise or silly,
That we are and shall remain,
Till Messiah comes again;
Change of sphere or martyrdom
Alters not the natal doom;
Rat or Bludso dying game,
Rat or Bludso rise the same;
Vermin virtues never yet
Won a hero's coronet.

The Spirit Paintings by Starr.

From the Saginaw [Mich.] Daily Enterprise.

Visitors are enjoying a rare treat by seeing the beautiful oil paintings now on exhibition in the old Council room.

Those who do not favor the idea of the Spiritual origin of the paintings, unite in pronouncing them fine works of art, and especially the views of the spirit land, elicit rapturous encomiums such as expressed yesterday by a prominent member of the Presbyterian Church. Said she, "They are beautiful and confirm my faith in the Bible. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

The following letter will show that there are persons ready to testify that they have received correct likenesses of the departed:

BURNSIDE, CONN., }
Tuesday Morn, May 3, 1870, }

Mr. N. B. Starr:

DEAR SIR,—We have received the portrait of our child, and know not how to express our gratitude to you for giving to us such a correct likeness. It is perfect. We are very much pleased with it. It is pronounced by every one to be a very fine painting. We left it in Hartford to be framed, and while it hung there, one gentleman (a stranger to us) was so much pleased with it that he will soon send you an order for a portrait of a friend.

Accept the heartfelt thanks and good wishes of your true friends,

MR. AND MRS. E. D. CHANDLER.

Mr. Editor, no cry of humbug, no "neck-tie" theory will explain the fact that likenesses of spirit friends are produced. I can give the names of several church members who have spirit portraits and photographs of their relatives in spirit life, and they value them beyond all price.

Yours for the truth, W. F. JAMIESON.

Let the warfare of science be changed. Let it be a warfare in which religion and science shall stand together. Let the fight be for truth of every kind against every falsehood, for justice against injustice, for right against wrong, for beauty against depravity, and the great warfare which has brought so many sufferings shall at last minister through the earth God's richest blessings.

Paragraphic.

I believe that true marriage is perfect fidelity to the conjugal relation between one man and one woman, and no more.

MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND HOADLEY.

There is but one law for the propagation of animal life, and if that law was as strictly observed by the human family as it is by the animal races, the physical, moral, and intellectual condition of the world would not present the degraded spectacle that, upon every hand, is now spread out before us.

Ecclesiastics seem to delight in putting the worst possible construction upon the words of unbelievers.—*Golden Age*.

There were, in the old times, ministers who were open to the charge of occasional dullness, and this is the way a good Massachusetts deacon prayed for one of them, in his presence, too: "O! Lord, we thank thee for the condition of our shepherd, for his great learning, for his mightiness in the Scriptures, for his knowledge of the doctrines; but, Lord, would it be any detriment to thy cause if he had a little more animation?"

No enjoyment is transitory; the impression which it leaves is permanent; and what is done with diligence and effort, communicate to the spectators a hidden force, of which we cannot say how far its influence may reach.—*Goethe*.

Celestial hopes and dreams,
And lofty purposes, and long rich days
With fragrance filled of blameless deeds and ways,
And visionary gleams—

These things alone endure:
They are the solid facts that we may grasp,
Leading us on and upward, if we clasp
And hold them firm and sure.

Men are tattooed with their special beliefs, like so many South Sea Islanders; but a real human heart with divine love in it, beats with the same glow under all earth's thousand tribes.—*Holmes*.

Worth and Worthiness.—Hast thou something? Share it with me, and I will pay what is fair. Art thou something? O, then, let us interchange souls.

The Problem.—Let none be like another, but each be like the highest. How to do this? Let each be complete in himself.—*Schiller*.

"It is the right of every citizen to hold what creed seems reasonable to him, and to belong to any church he likes, or to none, without the least difference being made, on that account, in his relation to any law, or his enjoyment of any political right or privilege."

Henry Ward Beecher says. "You have got to make your interpretation of the Scripture conformable to Nature. Scientific disclosures are the best illuminators that can be given to men. Nature makes commentators that stand. We may as well prepare ourselves to accept this theory of elimination—this growth from the animal to the spiritual; and I for one am all ready for it."

Science has whipped the orthodox devil out of the world and got its God into a close corner. Thunder, before the investigation of electricity, was the voice of God. God, before the days of Sir Isaac Newton, used to pick our apples and throw them down, but since his days, gravitation does all such work. Science is taking up one after another of God's works and doing them for him.—*Exchange*.

—Rev. W. H. Cudworth answered the question "How to hit the mark and win the prize of Christian excellence," by affirming that there was no royal road to Divine favor, but only the common, beaten track, which, from the least unto the greatest, all must tread alike.—*Boston Journal*.

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While we shall retain in the next volume the general features of the first, we shall endeavor to make it more comprehensive and superior in every way. We have secured able, biographical sketches of several of the most conspicuous of the early receivers of Spiritualism—such as Robert Hare, Robert Owen, John Pierpont, and others. The memory of these Fathers should be preserved, together with the striking evidences by which they were convinced of Spiritualism.

We shall greatly enlarge our record of facts, as they are the basis of our philosophy and of universal interest. Essays on subjects pertaining to Spiritualism have been promised by the best thinkers in our ranks in Europe and America; so that this department will equal the high standard of excellence attained in the first volume. One of the editors intends visiting England the ensuing summer for the express purpose of gathering material for the European department.

Friends—The volume for 1871 presents you with the results of last year's work. By it you see what are the demands for the Year Book of 1872. This important work is not ours, but yours; therefore, we ask—plead for your assistance. In order to make the Year Book as complete as possible, we address this Circular personally to every Spiritualist in the world, requesting them individually to assist us in perfecting our task, that it may be a correct representation of the present status of Spiritualism. We especially desire all mediums to write us, stating the character of their mediumship, facts, &c., and to hear from all public lecturers, and from any one who is interested in the advancement of the cause.

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